

93RD YEAR

No. 370

THE
DUBLIN REVIEW

A QUARTERLY AND CRITICAL JOURNAL

Edited by **ALGAR THOROLD**

JULY, 1929

1. **THE TREATY OF THE LATERAN.** By Humphrey Johnson.
2. **JOUSSE ON THE "ORAL STYLE."** By The Abbot of Downside.
3. **A ROAD TO ROME.** By Elizabeth Belloc.
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ART. I.—THE TREATY OF THE LATERAN

CATHOLIC theologians are wont to deduce from the divine origin and mission of the Church her right to a certain indirect jurisdiction in temporal matters. Setting aside the purely theocratic conception of society in which the State is merged into the Church, there exist two alternative doctrines to the Catholic one. They are the doctrine of the omnipotent State and the doctrine, inextricably bound up with the name of the statesman who created modern Italy, of a "free Church in a free State." Most men who have no belief in supernatural religion are inclined, at least unconsciously, to regard the State as possessing some sort of unlimited power; so difficult of application, owing to the close interdependence of spiritual and temporal things, is the doctrine that Church and State revolve in orbits which never intersect. Of all the complicated problems which the politico-religious order presents, that of the position of the visible Head of the Catholic Church is perhaps the most difficult, and it cannot be understood without some knowledge of sixteen centuries of Italian history. It presents itself to us first in the dim period when, as Italy was slipping from the grasp of the rulers of the New Rome, the political life of the Old Rome began to organize itself around its Bishop. Meanwhile the peninsula became a prey to invaders from beyond the Alps.

"E quando 'l dente longobardo morse
La santa Chiesa, sotto alle sue ali
Carlo Magno vincendo, la soccorse."*

Even, however, after the Frankish kings had laid the foundations of the States of the Church, the Carolingian and later the Saxon emperors seem to have regarded themselves as in some sense monarchs at Rome. But with the rise of the communes and the victory of the Lombard

* *Paradiso*, VI, 94-96.

League in the twelfth century, the imperial authority in Italy waned, and by 1201 we see the Pope definitely emerging as an independent Italian prince when, by the capitulation of Neuss, Otto IV confirms Innocent III in the possession of the territories known to history as the States of the Church. These States were twice abolished in the territorial readjustments of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic epoch, and, by the bestowal of the title of King of Rome, which none had borne since the fall of the Tarquins, on the infant son of Marie-Louise, Napoleon sought to emphasize the final nature of their downfall. When the Temporal Power was again reborn in 1815 it was into an Italy in which Faith was too weak to make theocracy a success and national sentiment too strong to view with a welcome eye the sight of foreign bayonets.

In the unhappy controversy which followed, its extreme defenders have often weakened their case by treating, as though they were one, two separate issues. These are the right of the Pope to such a measure of independence as is necessary for the good government of the Church, a right which originates in her divine character and which no political considerations can consequently weaken, and his right to rule certain districts of Central Italy, which must obviously be to some extent conditioned by considerations of the economic, political and social order. These militant apologists of the Papacy have sometimes written or spoken as though a disposition of Pepin or of Charlemagne could have settled the map of Italy for all time.

The final disappearance of the States of the Church from the map of Europe took place in three stages; the Romagna was lost to the Pope in 1859, Umbria and the Marches in 1860 and Rome in 1870. After the first two annexations Cavour hoped to win over the Holy See to acquiescence in the loss of its temporal dominions. In the entourage of Pius IX there were discernible two opposing parties. One looked forward to the recovery of the lost provinces and was against an agreement with the Piedmontese. The other and less influential one was for coming to terms with them. It was with the supporters of this latter view that Cavour attempted during the last months of his life to

enter into relations. Casting around for a basis on which a *modus vivendi* could be established, the idea occurred to him that the Holy See might be reconciled to the loss of the States of the Church if it were granted in return a spiritual freedom which the older absolute governments had been loath to accord to it. This freedom was to take the form of the relinquishment by the new Italian kingdom of the claim to the *exequatur* and the *placet*, and of the royal patronage, and the abrogation of the regalist laws which had been introduced into various parts of the peninsula in the preceding century under the influence of Joseph II, Leopold II and Tanucci. M. Emile Ollivier has ascribed Cavour's failure to reach an agreement with the Holy See to his being in too great a hurry, to his employment of too many agents—some of them persons of doubtful reputation—and to the absence of secrecy which surrounded the negotiations he was conducting. To this list we may add the extent to which he had become hypnotized by the formula "*libera chiesa in libero stato*," words indeed said to have been the last audible utterance to hover upon his lips.

In the negotiations which were set in motion on August 6, 1926, and reached their happy conclusion on February 7, 1929, Cavour's mistakes were avoided. His declaration that Rome must be the capital of a United Italy under the House of Savoy has indeed been presupposed throughout; but the conception of a State which washes its hands of all religious obligations has been abandoned. The two points insisted upon by the Holy See, as a condition of entering into negotiations at all, were the creation of a small independent pontifical state as the basis of the Treaty, and the granting of civil validity to religious marriage as the basis of the Concordat. Signor Mussolini, in the statement by which he has accompanied the publication of their text, has told us that at no time during the negotiations did the Holy See raise the question of an international guarantee of its independence, a solution which had long found favour among Catholics outside Italy. Pius XI considered it derogatory to the dignity of the Holy See that it should place itself in a

state of tutelage to the Powers, and doubly so in that when it was deprived of its independence the Powers rendered it no assistance. In the rival conceptions of an "International" and an "Italian" solution of the Roman Question we may recognize the ghosts of Ghibellinism and Guelphism flitting across the political stage of twentieth-century Europe. One Italian newspaper has indeed hailed the settlement as a Guelph triumph. The Treaty of the Lateran finds, however, a less remote starting-point in the first article of the *Statuto*, promulgated by Charles Albert on March 4, 1848, on the eve of the war of liberation. This article affirms that the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman religion is the sole religion of the State. Throughout all the dark days which have passed during the last eighty years it has never been repealed, but, to the scandal of the more fanatical devotees of laicism, has remained at the beginning of the Italian constitution. But it has at times been evacuated of almost all meaning, and Lanza, when President of the Council, declared in the Chamber of Deputies on March 8, 1872, that it meant nothing more than that when the State felt the need of making use of religious rites, it was to use Catholic ones and no others.* The gentlemen of the Left, it need scarcely be added, took good care that the occasions on which the State felt this need did not occur too often. The first half of the first article of the *Statuto* now appears as the first article of the Treaty of the Lateran, and it may truthfully be said that the work of the Treaty and the Concordat is to transform it from a dead letter into a living reality. Article 2 affirms the sovereignty of the Pope in the international order, and Article 3, which is in fact the core of the whole Treaty, his sovereignty over the Città del Vaticano. This article may be compared with Article 5 of the Law of Guarantees, granting the Pope the mere use of the Vatican, which it considered as Italian territory. In connection with it we learn from the Head of the Government that while the Holy See never at any time asked for a corridor to the sea, it did at first ask for an extension of its territory so as to include the Villa Doria Pamphili. Mussolini, how-

* Giuseppe Maranini, *Le Origini dello Statuto Albertino* (1926), 141.

ever, declared himself unable to accede to the Pope's proposal, except on the condition that the Holy See would pay Italy a peppercorn rent of one lira per annum in recognition of her *altum dominium*.^{*} Pius XI thereon allowed the matter to drop. The line taken by Mussolini in this matter will cause no surprise to those who are aware how jealously Italy regards every square inch of her territory. Articles 4-7 occupy themselves with certain details arising out of Article 3. Article 8 reaffirms almost verbally Articles 1 and 2 of the Law of Guarantees concerning the punishment of offences against the person of the Sovereign Pontiff. Article 9 has no counterpart in the Law of Guarantees, touching as it does upon the complicated juridical problems occasioned by the reconstitution of a pontifical nationality. Article 10 extends to all indispensable officials connected with the Curia and Pontifical Court, who are not of pontifical nationality, the privilege of exemption from military service and liability to serve as jurors. Article 12, which in part reproduces verbally Article 11 of the Law of Guarantees, recognizes the possession by the Holy See of the right of active and passive Legation, and includes provisions necessitated by the experiences of the late war. It provides also for the establishment of diplomatic relations between the Holy See and the King of Italy, and thus closes a breach which was opened by the diplomatic rupture between Rome and Piedmont in 1850. Articles 13-17 define the status of various buildings belonging to the Holy See which will lie outside the Vatican City. These are divided into two categories. Those included in the first will enjoy the privileges of extraterritoriality. Those in the second will be exempt from taxation. None of the basilicas of Rome is mentioned in the Law of Guarantees unless St. Peter's and St. John Lateran are considered as annexes of the Vatican and Lateran palaces.

The three patriarchal basilicas situated outside the Vatican City—St. John Lateran, St. Paul-without-the-Walls, and Sta. Maria Maggiore—will now enjoy extra-

^{*} In his speech of May 13 Mussolini has, however, stated that the Holy See did not ask for the Villa in full sovereignty.

territorial rights. The extraterritoriality of the papal Villa at Castel Gandolfo, provided for in Article 5 of the Law of Guarantees, is confirmed in Article 14 of the Treaty, together with that of the newly acquired Villa Barberini. The same privilege will be enjoyed by the palaces of the Dataria, the Cancelleria, of the Holy Office, of the Propaganda Fide in Piazza di Spagna, and the Vicariate. Any church will be considered extraterritorial while there is being celebrated in it a function in the presence of the Holy Father to which the public are not freely admitted. Article 16 provides that certain centres of ecclesiastical erudition and training shall be free from taxation, and cannot be expropriated without an accord with the Holy See. With this provision may be compared Article 13 of the Law of Guarantees, which provides that the seminaries of Rome and the suburbicarian sees shall be exempt from the jurisdiction of the Italian Ministry of Education.

By Article 18 of the Treaty the Holy See promises to keep open to the public the Vatican and Lateran collections which are now recognized as its exclusive property. When the Law of Guarantees was under discussion an amendment was carried by the Chamber nationalizing the Vatican Museum and Library. The Senate rejected this amendment owing to the expostulations of France and Austria, and the threat of the Pope not to leave his apartments should it be incorporated in the law. In its final draft the Law of Guarantees declared that the papal collections were inalienable and exempt from taxation and expropriation for public utility (Article 5). Nevertheless the parties of the Left continued to assert that the collections were Italian property, and that the Pope was merely the State-appointed custodian. This gave rise to vexatious incidents. When Leo XIII presented a MS. from the Vatican Library and an Etruscan vase from the Museum to the German Emperor, a deputy complained that the Pope was giving away what did not belong to him, and again when Cardinal Merry del Val took up his residence in the Borgia apartments a society of artists took on itself to make a protest. Article 21 guarantees the

freedom of conclaves promised in Article 6 of the Law of Guarantees, and orders the continuance of the traditional honours due to Cardinals in Italy. Article 22 stipulates for the punishment on Italian territory of crimes committed in the Vatican City. By Article 24 the Holy See declares its intention of holding itself aloof from International politics unless in the interests of peace an appeal should be made to it. Article 26 is the counterpart to Articles 2 and 3 which guarantee the sovereignty of the Pope. By it the Holy See declares the Roman Question eliminated and recognizes a united Italy under the House of Savoy with Rome as its capital. When the Kingdom of Italy was founded in 1861 it was recognized by England within a fortnight, and by France within three months. The other powers delayed recognition for a time, Spain doing so till 1865. Though from its inception the Holy See was forced to give a measure of practical recognition to the new State, the title of King of Italy was not made use of by it till 1917, when it was used by Benedict XV in his peace note. In earlier days projects of the settlement of the Roman Question frequently involved the idea of the transference of the Italian capital from Rome to some other city. Of alternative capitals, Florence was perhaps the most satisfactory. Turin was disqualified by its proximity to the French frontier and Milan despite its being nearer to the great European trade routes by the near neighbourhood of Austria. Mussolini for a time, however, is understood to have considered the question of transferring thither the capital of his new Fascist State. The economic difficulties of the transference of the capital and the fact that Rome occupies a central position between Northern and Southern Italy seem to have led to the relinquishment of the idea. Should Austria, moreover, eventually join the Reich, Milan would cease to be a strategically eligible capital. The last clause of this article abrogates the Law of Guarantees.

The Concordat annexed to the Treaty, which embodies forty-five articles, will probably prove to be the most important one negotiated by the Holy See since the Napoleonic concordat of 1801. In his recent discourse to

the professors and students of the University of the Sacred Heart at Milan, the Holy Father has told us that the Concordat has been a *sine qua non* of the Treaty. Its first article has called for a certain amount of explanation from the Head of the Government. By it Italy undertakes to prohibit in Rome anything contrary to its character as a sacred city, as the see of the Supreme Pontiff, and as the centre of the Catholic world. We shall probably be not far wrong in interpreting this as an indication that it is the Government's intention to prohibit all such manifestations of Protestantism and Freethought as are intended to be deliberate insults to the Sovereign Pontiff and the Catholic religion, such as the holding of the international conference of Freethinkers in Rome in 1904 and the more recent attempt to construct on Monte Mario a Methodist temple which should overshadow St. Peter's. Lest, however, anyone should fear that this article promises a return to the Middle Ages, Mussolini has found it necessary to assure his non-Catholic supporters that Rome will not be closed to "new currents of ideas" and to the "conquests of modern thought." This we may presume to mean that there will be no interference with the sale of prohibited books or with the academic exposition of religious or philosophical systems not in harmony with Catholic doctrine. Of the other matters treated of in the Concordat, we can but touch upon three: the religious orders, marriage, and education. The religious orders were deprived of their juridical personality by the law of July 7, 1866. Its dispositions were extended to the Province of Rome by the law of June 19, 1873. Article 29 of the Concordat restores this personality to orders which have their principal seat in the kingdom, and are there represented by persons of Italian nationality. A similar recognition is given to the Italian provinces of religious associations having their headquarters abroad.

As early as 1852 a project for the introduction of civil marriage was being matured in Piedmont. The Senate rejected it by a majority of one, and it brought about the fall of the ministry of which Massimo d'Azeglio was the head. By the civil code which came into force on

January 1, 1866, it was, however, introduced into the new Italian kingdom, and religious marriage henceforth lost civil validity. The introduction of civil marriage was not the result of any popular demand, but was a challenge flung down by the party in power to the age-long religious traditions of Italy. Article 34 of the Concordat states that the Italian State, wishing to give back to the institution of marriage a dignity conformable to the Catholic tradition of its people, accords to the Sacrament of Marriage, governed by Canon Law, civil effects. That a modern state should give official recognition to the Canon Law on the subject of marriage will at first sight startle many readers outside of Italy. In reality, however, it is not surprising. A generation ago the Italian people defeated Zanardelli's attempt to foist an unwanted divorce law on them, and all attempts to make religious marriage without civil marriage illegal have failed. Civil marriage is not abolished, but remains for those who do not believe, and civil effects will follow from marriage celebrated according to the rites of any cult recognized by the State.

Religious education is treated of in Articles 35-40, which give an unequivocal answer to a question which has been debated for seventy years. Theoretically the elementary school in Italy has never been as completely secularized as was the French School by the *Lois Ferry*.

By the Casati Law of 1859 religious instruction was declared obligatory in elementary schools throughout the Kingdom of Sardinia. This law was subsequently extended to the rest of Italy. Its effects were, however, largely nullified by subsequent ministerial decrees and by the Coppino Law of 1877. Even when by the *Regolamento Rava* of February 6, 1908, Giolitti made some small concessions to the Catholics in the matter of religious education, the Freemasons and Socialists were to a large extent successful in preventing them from reaping the benefit thereof. After the war the situation was somewhat eased by the advent to Parliament of the *Partito Popolare*. But it was only in the organic reform of the Italian educational system undertaken by the philosopher-politician Giovanni Gentile, on his acceptance of the portfolio of Minister of

Education in the Fascist Cabinet, that religion began to receive an adequate place in the primary school. The Concordat extends the scope of religious instruction to secondary schools.

Do the Treaty and the Concordat represent the genuine wishes of the Italian people, or are they the creation of an arbitrary Government, indifferent at heart to religious truth, yet anxious to enslave the Church for its own ends? Unlike France, where there exist whole tracts of country in which Catholics form but a minority of the population, in Italy the great majority of the nation has remained sincerely attached to the Catholic religion, although it is not perhaps what journalists describe as "clerically-minded." Ardently, however, as the Italian nation might have desired a settlement, it is at least doubtful whether one would have been arrived at under the old Parliamentary régime, owing to the obstructive power possessed by hostile minorities. There exist in Italy, as in some other countries, men who, in the words of the Jewish premier Luzzati, regard religious freedom as freedom to insult the religion of other people. Such men the Treaty and the Concordat will not please. Yet the Duce should have reassured the non-Catholic section of the Italian population by his declaration that the Fascist state will make no attempt to coerce religious minorities. Indeed, in one respect the position of Protestants and Jews appears to have been actually improved by the Concordat, since it will, as we have seen, be accompanied by a law which will enable civil effects to follow upon marriage celebrated before a minister or a rabbi.

It has been asked in England what are the prospects of the Treaty and the Concordat surviving a change of political régime in Italy. The lessons of history do not teach that they would necessarily be repudiated. The Napoleonic Concordat, originating under the Consulate, outlived the First Empire, the Restoration, the Monarchy of July, the Second Republic, the Second Empire, and the first thirty-five years of the Third Republic. The Spanish Concordat of 1853, concluded under Isabella II, has survived her downfall, the Regency of Prim, the uneasy reign

of Amadeus of Savoy, and the short-lived Republic which followed. No one can be less under the illusion than is Pius XI that Italy will always have rulers as anxious to conciliate the Church as her present ones. The two kinds of Government most hostile to the Church which can be imagined in Italy would be that of an anti-Catholic dictator, maintaining himself in power by the aid of occult foreign influences, and a communist republic. Any moderate Government would be compelled to depend on Catholic support. It may, moreover, be confidently predicted that, whatever may happen to the Concordat, the Treaty will be respected by any Government which would not also have repudiated the Law of Guarantees. The settlement will, however, certainly do nothing to unite the remnants of the defunct Parliamentary parties. Among those therefore who bow down before the fetishes of laicism, it is likely that the shrewder spirits will seek rather to set in motion an anticlerical current within the Fascist State than to destroy it from outside by means of futile conspiracies hatched in London and Paris.

HUMPHREY JOHNSON.

ART. 2.—JOUSSE ON THE "ORAL STYLE"

FOR the last fifty years and more there has been before the public a curious theory that the passages common to the three Synoptic Gospels are derived from an "oral Gospel," known by heart among Greek-speaking Christians in the first century, and written down (with additions) by the three inspired Evangelists, certain slight alterations being due to the transmission through memory. This has seemed a very obvious way of explaining the word-for-word agreements in the three documents while accounting for the continual divergences of language. Even scholars who have had more than a bowing acquaintance with the intricacies of the problem have been inclined to embrace this view, which cuts the knot instead of laboriously untying it. And oddly enough it has even recommended itself to a number of Catholic students.

Oddly, for it was originally a Protestant theory and remains essentially Protestant. The possibility of it, its intrinsic credibility, its persuasiveness, rest upon the assumption that early Christian catechetical instruction consisted in learning the life of Christ by heart. It was assumed by all Protestants of all colours until late years that the Christian revelation is a written one, and is found in the New Testament and nowhere else, but especially (of course) in the Gospels. It followed that converts to Christianity were in the primitive days instructed in just those things which we find written down in Scripture and in nothing else, and in the way in which those things are written down. But what happened before the New Testament was written? This was always a crux for a logical Protestant. The "oral hypothesis" of the origin of the Gospels supplied a simple answer:

In the first years of the Church there existed a story of the life of Christ from His Baptism till His Resurrection; this is found in the "triple tradition"—that is to say, all that is common to Matthew, Mark and Luke, perhaps with the addition of what is common to Matthew and Mark. Separate or connected, there existed also a collection of Sayings of our Lord; these make up the matter common

to Matthew and Luke. All this was committed to memory and transmitted orally: it was the teaching given to catechumens, it was the essence of Christianity, and became a part of "the Bible" when it had been written down.

Thus even before the Bible was complete, the Christian religion consisted of "the Bible, and the Bible only," and the catechizing of converts in Apostolic times was just like any Nonconformist Sunday School.

In England the most eminent upholder of this paradox was Westcott, but that is long ago. Wright's large Synopticon was intended to prove the same thesis, and it had some influence because it was so much cheaper than Rushbrooke's more useful work. Yet Protestant and "liberal" critics have long since renounced a hypothesis which did not really account for the phenomena.

But the *a priori* objections seem to a Catholic inquirer no less fatal. There is, in fact, neither any tradition nor intrinsic probability that Gentile Christians ever learned by heart a Greek life of Christ. Converts in the fourth and fifth centuries committed to memory the Creed and the Lord's Prayer. The preparation for Baptism consisted in the explanation of these and in instruction in Christian morality (usually under the head of the Ten Commandments and the theological virtues) followed by the doctrine of the Sacraments. In some places a Psalm or two was learnt, but not the Gospels. The Old Testament and the Epistles and the Gospels were read at Mass. We have plenty of information about the catechetical instruction of the fourth century. It did not differ essentially in various parts of the Church, and it is essentially the same as modern catechisms. There is no reason to suppose that the instruction given in the third century or in the second (where St. Irenæus is our chief authority) was not of just the same kind. As for the first century, all that we can gather from the Epistles suggests that the teaching in Apostolic times was much the same, so far as Gentile, Greek-speaking converts are concerned.*

* The only connexion of such catechizing with the life of Christ in ancient times is found in the words of the Presbyter of Papias, in

But when we go back behind the Hellenists and Gentiles to the Jewish converts of Jerusalem and of the Dispersion we find contrasting circumstances. The Jewish Rabbis taught orally, and their disciples learned their instructions by heart. It is conceivable that the Jewish converts to Christianity were taught after this fashion. But it does not seem that any such considerations could assist the solution of the Synoptic problem, which is mainly a problem of explaining identity in Greek words and phrases.

The Abbé Marcel Jousse has recently urged the oral hypothesis from a new point of view in a most original and interesting little volume, *Le Style Oral*. According to M. Jousse, there exists a "spoken style" common to all nations which have not lost it by dependence on books; it is more ancient and more universal than any style of written composition; it is a natural evolution according to physiological laws, and is conditioned by the need of aids to memory, since this spoken literature has to be preserved in the mind without written signs. M. Jousse therefore starts with several chapters of psychology, which are almost entirely an ingenious mosaic of quotations from modern psychologists, fitted together so as to prove his points.

Excitations from without, he says, produce explosions within: the intervals between explosions are "physiological rhythm," like respiration or pulse. This "rhythm" comes into all actions, and especially into the "gestures" which express thought, whether movements of the hand or of the voice (which he prefers to call "laryngo-buccal gesture," as this sounds more scientific). The real unit of expression is not, he argues, a word, but a sentence, a "propositional gesture."* The automatic repetition of a "propositional gesture" causes the "law of parallelism." Everyone knows the parallelism in Hebrew poetry,† such as:

which St. Mark's Gospel is described as an exact report of St. Peter's *didascalie*. But the Presbyter (apparently St. John) does not suggest that St. Peter's hearers learned by heart Peter's reminiscences; contrariwise, they were written because the hearers wanted to recall them.

* But which would really come first, names of actions (verbs) or names of things (nouns)? Are propositions prior to names? Or, in more modern language, is priority of expression to be claimed for the dynamic and not the static?

† In Bishop Lowth's famous lectures on Hebrew Poetry, he enumerates three sorts of parallelism (Lect. 19): the synonymous, as above, the ante-

1. The Lord rewarded me according to my righteousness.

2. According to the cleanness of my hands hath He recompensed me.

1. For I have kept the ways of the Lord.

2. And have not wickedly departed from my God (Ps. xviii. 20-21).

This is a mere repetition of the same statement in different words. One can imagine that there might be a "physiological" impulse to repeat the same words, but why the same thought in different words? It seems more like a literary artifice, to show the wealth of our vocabulary. But almost any double sentence is a "rhythm" in M. Jousse's sense. Hence "parallelism" is a "profound and universal law of psychological automatism, of human thought abandoned to its living spontaneity and not deformed by the conventional rules of *our* written language" (p. 97). In fact, this "automatic action of parallelism is so powerful, we might well say violent, that it has *universally* created the spontaneous binary or ternary rhythmic scheme in all the places where the 'oral style' obtains."*

Now this parallelism is not only the repetition of the sense, it may be also the repetition of the form with a different sense, and this form may be the grammatical form, or the metrical form (whether of longs and shorts, or of accent), or the binary or ternary cadences may be marked by

thetic (e.g., "My servants shall eat, and ye shall be famished"), and the synthetic or constructive, in which only the construction of the sentences is the same, though the matter is different. M. Jousse includes in parallelism a short phrase against a long one, with no connexion of sense. One hardly sees what would *not* be parallelism in his sense.

* M. Jousse is apparently greatly inclined to admire rhythmic parallelism, and he speaks of the "delicate" rhythms of our Lord's discourses with enthusiasm. He even speaks (p. 71) of written language as a parasite, a bastard, of the spoken language. Yet he holds that we fall into rhythm out of weakness, because our free will gives way to the physiological impetus; the "erection of a semeiological mechanism in our *faible moi*" leads us to these easier (?) swings (balancements), oscillations, parallelisms. This "feeble Me" lets us go, and we succumb to the "profound and universal law." This reduces rhythm to something less than human; it is a renouncing of art, of will. Yet most of us will think that it is, on the contrary, the proof of care, study, art, literary convention. The physiological or psychological law has not been proved; but if it were true, would not the free will approve, embrace it and improve upon it?

rhyme, or the "rhythms" may be words set to music. All these are lumped together as "rhythms" by Jousse, and all are said to be characteristic of "the oral style."

It is obvious to criticize, and to say that all these different kinds of rhythm, whether parallels and regular or irregular metres, rhymes and jingles, chants and melodies, are really chosen as pleasing to the ear and to the artistic sense. M. Jousse insists that this pleasurable and artistic value is not original: rhymes and tunes, recurrence of key-words, parallelisms, verses and strophe and antistrophe, and even alliteration—all are "mnemonic" in origin, being additions made to simple rhythms in order to aid the memory before the invention of writing.

It is impossible to prove this with regard to all these forms, and for some of them it is impossible to make it even likely.* Everyone knows that regular metre is an aid to memory, and the more cadenced and jingling the better. Sing-song is excellent for the purpose; obvious rhymes are easier still to learn. But sense-parallels are not an aid: it is easier to learn a thought in one set of words than in two sets of words. A refrain is a setback, not a help: we repeat it automatically, but it interrupts the flow of connected ideas and connected words. If we recite "The auld wife sat at her cottage door," each time we come to "Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese" the even flow is broken, and we have to "think" how the next line begins. And each time a verse begins "The

* Whatever can be proved to result from physiological laws in the way of rhythm or recurrence will evidently have a tendency to be pleasing to the author of the rhythm. If it depends on such laws, it has not been expressly invented for the sake of "memorizing." But I cannot see that M. Jousse has drawn any strict line between the results of physiological laws and the intentionally introduced "aids to memory." A *memoria technica* usually bases itself on the laws of association of ideas which have occupied the attention of psychology ever since Hume. Pelmanism is said to depend for its success on associations of sound. Jousse himself continually speaks of *enchainements*, "concatenations," and even dares to translate *Sir hassirim* by "enchainement des enchainements"! But he says little about this recognized law by which sounds or thoughts are chained together in the memory. Rhyme is a help to memory, but it must have begun because it is pleasing. St. Augustine took to preaching rhymed sermons, because this was an attractive trick: certainly not in order that they might be committed to memory. But the rhymes of the old Latin grammars or Dr. Rouse's admirable Greek "chanties" are solely intended for memorizing. I am told there used to be rhymes for learning Paley's Evidences, called "Paley's Ghost."

farmer he strode . . ." or "The farmer's daughter . . ." we have to remember whether we are saying it for the first time, or the second, or the third. Will and thought come in, instead of the *déclenchement automatique* with which one can recite a series of connected thoughts like "The House that Jack built," or of regular cadences like "Phaselus ille quem uidetis, hospites," or "Conductor, when you receive a fare, Punch in the presence of the passenjare."

The reader of M. Jousse's brilliantly clever dissertations has to be on his guard against his wide generalizations. He has largely made up his book of quotations into which he has introduced within square brackets his own phraseology, for the sake of uniformity, without any intention of altering the sense. Yet the result is that his examples from Afghans, Slavs, Ashantees, Merinas, Touaregs, all become "rhythms," whereas they are not necessarily in the least like the rhythmical parallelism of the Psalms or the Prophets (though these have a metrical accent as well),* for most of these examples are in metre, or rhymed, and are sung or droned to a native chant.

For M. Jousse, having started from the psychological laboratory and the measuring instruments of M. l'Abbé Rousselot, goes on to what he calls "the ethnological laboratory"—the examples of "oral style" in nations which have no written literature. For these tribes, he says, the "oral style" is "the living Press"; the reciters teach the past and occasionally even current events; but it seems

* St. Jerome (in his preface to the Vulgate Book of Job) declares that the metre of Hebrew poetry has dactyls and spondees, for his idea of metre is the classical "longs and shorts." But the late Dr. Burney, whose death has been such a loss to Aramaic scholarship, being an Englishman, regarded Hebrew metre as a matter of accent—three or four accents in a line. Contrariwise, M. Jousse, because French has scarcely any longs and shorts and only a very weak tonic accent, makes Hebrew poetry a metre of parallelism only, and misnames it "rhythm," identifying it with Afghan song "rhythms" or Merina poetic "rhythms," etc. It is amusing to see these differences of ear in three different nationalities. But St. Jerome declares that Job and the Psalms and the "poetical books" are in metre, whereas the Prophets are not. He learnt this, evidently, from his Jewish teacher, who gave him lessons at night "like another Nicodemus" for high pay. The moderns who find the same vague metres in the Psalms and in the Prophets are less likely to be right than a fourth-century Jew. It seems obvious that the Sermon on the Mount is oratory, in the rhythmic style of the Prophets, but it is not "poetry."

untrue to compare them to newspapers rather than to histories. It is here that we come to the most interesting part of the theory. The "oral style" has been evolved in each language in a form which aids the memory, and we must entirely agree with M. Jousse when he declares that our memories have been spoilt for learning by heart by our habitual dependence on books. The study of a great number of books gives us, indeed, an enormous amount of matter to remember, and we do not trouble to recollect the words, as they would not help us much. Where writing is unknown or rare, there is little learning for the memory to store; but what there is may easily be learnt by heart, and is imprinted as on the fresh brains of children. Our memories after long years of study grow like an old piece of blotting paper, which has blotted so much that it will blot no more, or like a waste-paper basket which has become so full of old papers that the added waste always falls off the top, however much we press it down. In regions where the culture is oral, or chiefly oral, the memory is naturally retentive, and is often trained to be so, of actual words.

Hence M. Jousse entertains us with the enormous word-memories found among unlettered tribes. Among the Southern Slavs, the Guzlers are nomadic bards, who can recite (or sing?) as many as 30,000 verses, or even 70,000 or 100,000 (M. Jousse, of course, calls them "Reciters" of "Recitations" of 30,000 "Rhythmic schemes"). This is said to be because these myriads of lines are a "juxtaposition of *clichés* [commonplaces, fixed schemes] relatively few in number. Each Guzlar has his speciality, such as history or love-songs. He arranges his *clichés* in a variety of ways, according to the occasion. It is thus possible not only to improvise with ease, but to memorize in an astonishing manner. "On the 18th of March, 1885, Fr. S. Krauss had a set of 458 verses recited for him in the presence of Milovan, a Guzlar; these were repeated word for word by Milovan on October 4, more than seven months afterwards, and again nine months later. The variations were insignificant" (p. 114). This is quoted from van Gennep on Homer, who is quoting Krauss, and

the matter is not quite clear. Had Milovan (who possessed only an "ordinary" memory) never heard these verses before? Unless Herr Krauss's memory was as good as or better than Milovan's, how could he tell whether there were variations or not? Or was the original reciter (or singer?) present as judge?

At all events, M. Jousse starts from this story to tell us that the "oral style" has always, in every language, a store of such commonplaces (*clichés*) or fixed formulas; he instances "the Recitations of Homer, of the Prophets and Rabbis, of the Epistles of Baruch, of St. Peter and of St. Paul, the delicate Chinese parallelisms, etc." But it is difficult to recognize "fixed formulas" in such examples. Of course, there are recurrent lines in Homer, which everyone knows, but they do not help the memory, and *ton d'apameibomenos* gives us no assistance to recall the speech which follows. We find recurring formulas in St. Matthew, St. John, Daniel, but surely not in St. Paul or St. Peter; and the idea (constantly repeated by Jousse) that the Epistles of St. Paul are in "oral style," and were specially adapted to be learnt by heart, is a paradox at best, if not an absurdity.

Another very interesting example of memory is that of the Afghan bards, who really sing of recent politics, so that they do act the part of newspapers in exciting the people. But these "rhythmic recitations" by "Reciters"—so Jousse calls them in his quotations from Darmesteter—are in Darmesteter songs with an instrument to accompany them, sung by itinerant musicians. These are of the lower classes; and their popular airs and verses are looked down on by poets of the educated class. Another example is of the Ashantees, who have a special caste of singers. These have preserved the history of their nation for 800 years, partly in a now forgotten dialect, understood only by its traditional guardians. Mutilation of these compositions, which are sung to a strange monotonous chant, is prevented by the somewhat severe measure of inflicting the death penalty for any error in text or music.

But the most important example of "the oral style" for

our purpose is that of the Mohammedans and the pre-Mohammedan Arabs. On p. 173 we hear of a "Raoni" who recited 2,700 verses, but this does not seem enormous. What is far more weighty is the fact that the Koran was not written until some time after the death of Mahomet. The prophet himself had a bad memory; and the revelations which he recited after his trances were remembered better by others than by himself, and were orally transmitted until eventually they were set down in writing without much order in the Koran.* But tradition, after all, says that these revelations had been written on potsherds and camels' breastplates and bits of leather.

An example of memory is given on p. 130. Mahomet remembered well how the Christian bishop Qouss had preached a fine sermon, mounted on a brown camel, but could not remember the subject. Aboubekr jumped up and cried: "The discourse of Qouss is present to me as on the day of assembly," and he proceeded to recite some poetical meditations on death. But whether these were identical with the words of Qouss, or whether they were an improvisation on a theme well remembered, it is, of course, impossible to say.

But M. Jousse holds that these Orientals could easily remember and repeat the "rhythms" they heard recited, "familiar as they were from childhood with all the *clichés* of their living oral style." Surely this assumed number of commonplaces and proverbs would make a recitation more difficult, not easier, to remember. If I hear a new waltz which is original, I shall remember it and hum it unconsciously to myself. But a new waltz which is just like all other waltzes will not strike me; and if I try to hum it, it will merge into older tunes, especially if it is full of familiar phrases. M. Jousse teaches the contrary, and assures us that the Jews of the Aramaic oral style listened to these "stereotyped formulas, rhythmized according to tradition, and chained together by catchwords," and remembered them "word for word, or with insignificant variations, after a single hearing." Now this is very

* I am told that it is necessary to know the Koran by heart in order to matriculate in the University of Cairo.

different from the picture drawn on pp. 45-46 of Eastern scholars learning by heart by chanting and swinging to and fro to aid their memories. No one doubts that Semitic teaching was largely oral, and that considerable facility in learning by heart is attained by practice. But it is not easy to prove that it was ever common or habitual or easy among Jews or any other peoples to remember after a single hearing. As for the *clichés*—tags, cant phrases—they are conspicuously absent from the prophets and St. Paul.

No one doubts, similarly, that memories are more retentive of words when books are wanting. But in modern civilization we have an excellent parallel in the memory for music. Songs are easily learnt, for the words and the music help each other. I know more about the piano, which gives one most elaborate combinations to remember. A difficult piece, practised when one is young, will be easily remembered all one's life. I find that occasional practice for a week or two, with years of neglect between, allows 100 pieces or so to be played by heart; but it is difficult to calculate the number, for easy pieces are easily forgotten, and difficult pieces become unplayable by want of practice. For a professional with a good memory the number of pieces ought to be indefinitely large, and the number of lines of written music actually in the memory must (of course) be much larger than the amount of complete pieces or movements: 20,000 double staves of the width of a page would mean about 400 pieces. To this must be added the enormous amount of remembered tunes in the brain, which can be played on the piano with correct harmonies without any difficulty.

But anything extemporized is forgotten at once. A song heard once may be remembered, because the tune is repeated several times. The main subjects of a movement will be remembered after one hearing for the same reason, but not the developments. Fugues are desperately difficult to learn by heart, because without continual attention the player may find himself at the beginning once more, when he had got near the end; for the same subject and counterpoint begin over and over again with new

developments, which with difficulty become automatic. There is an automatic memory of the tune and a corresponding automatism of the fingers; and "attention" is chiefly needed for repeats, especially repeats which turn out differently the second time.

There are people who can remember music which they have heard but once. They are rare, on the whole; and they must fix it in the memory by running through it—best by playing it—as soon as possible. A famous feat is that of the young Mozart, who heard the *Miserere* of Allegri (it is very long) in the morning sung by the Papal choir, and played it by heart in the evening. But Mozart was a unique prodigy.

I read Jousse in the hope that he would convince me that St. Matthew, a day or two before his conversion, could have listened to the "rhythms" of the Sermon on the Mount with such intelligent and careful attention that he could retain it all, and recite it correctly afterwards.* I have, after all, not been convinced. The great memories of professional Afghan singers or of an Ashantee caste are not to the point. The Jewish Rabbis taught orally, but it is not proved that their pupils remembered by heart whatever they heard once; it seems more likely that they took great pains to learn "by rote," by rhythmic repetition out loud. St. Matthew, a tax-gatherer of Capharnaum, may have received a good deal of such oral teaching in the law; more probably he had had very little or none. The sons of Zebedee and their partners Peter and Andrew had had none at all. All Aramaic-speaking peasants would have some acquaintance with poetic rhythm and with the rhythm of the Scriptures which they heard translated in the synagogue. They would not know any theory of it, nor would they know it was "rhythm." There is no reason to suppose they had trained memories.

If we go back further, the theory that the words of the prophets were unwritten at first is quite a possible one; but it needs to be proved. "My tongue," says the

* M. Jousse regards the *Benedictus* and *Magnificat* as oral improvisations by Zacharias and our Lady in the usual rhythms, immediately remembered by heart by the authors and hearers.

Psalmist, "is the pen of a ready writer." He represents himself, indeed, as extemporizing, but he regards the pen of a writer (*sopher*) as habitually more "ready" than the tongue! The most famous of the prophets—Samuel, Elijah, Elisha—have left no prophecies, and this suggests that their sermons or visions were not handed down orally, else they would later have been written;* it suggests also that the later prophecies are preserved because the prophets wrote. Ezekiel's prophetic inspiration is typified by the eating of a book. Jeremiah is told to write, just as in the Apocalypse St. John is repeatedly told to write. That the prophets were often *improvisatori* is fairly evident; but they wrote down their improvisations in literary form; for what Jousse takes to be their "oral style" may or may not have originally been oral style, but it was certainly then the literary style of written Hebrew. And this style is not remarkably suitable for learning by heart: it would be easier to repeat Dante than Isaiah, because of the rhyme and more regular metre.

M. Jousse has another argument: in Hebrew *sepher*, a book, and *sopher*, a scribe, must be derived from *saphar*, meaning "count," so that a book was originally a spoken recitation, consisting of a number of counted strophes and rhythms, and a scribe was originally a reciter, or "counter of rhythms." The derivation is very far-fetched; but if it were true, at least the current meaning of *sepher* and *sopher* would go back for centuries or tens of centuries before the Christian era until the beginning of written books. In the first century a scribe is a "man of letters," γραμματεὺς, a learned man, not a "reciter" of "rhythms." They were called writers, and they undoubtedly wrote.

The discourses of Christ caused surprise among His educated hearers: "How knoweth this man letters, having

* Similarly with the great Rabbis like Gamaliel. It is said that they refused to write (though the evidence is not clear as applying to all, nor even to the Targums as a whole—see, for instance, Burney, *Aramaic Origin of the Fourth Gospel*, 1922, p. 22), and the result of this has been that only tiny fragments of their sayings have been preserved in Pirke Aboth! The Mishna gives such short replies of the sages that they cannot be called rhythms.

never learnt?" But they do not say: "How knoweth this man rhythms, having never learnt by heart?"*

A large amount of our Lord's teaching, especially in St. Matthew and St. John, is "rhythmical" in M. Jousse's sense; it has parallelisms of sentences and parallelisms of paragraphs (strophe and antistrophe), the latter sometimes marked by refrains—that is to say, it is in the best style of the literature of the time and place, the oratorical and literary being the same. It is quite possible that some early Judaistic Christians learned parts of these divine discourses by heart. But Aramaic-speaking Christianity disappeared at a very early date. There is no evidence that St. Matthew (or the imaginary author of "Q") was a "reciter," or a teacher of "recitations."

I have been arguing against M. P'Abbé Jousse's theory and his methods, because I regard his essay as a very remarkable piece of special pleading. I have little faith in his two laboratories. The laboratory of the modern psychologist is apt to produce ingenious but lopsided results, and the "great ethnological laboratory" habitually suggests that analogies are resemblances and that resemblances are identities, just as in the case of the so-called "science" of Comparative Religion, which is so much inclined to identify Hottentot tradition and Homeric legend and Pickwick. But M. Jousse's book is full of interesting matter and makes important points. No doubt his comparisons of the traditional songs of uncultivated tribes with the sophisticated literature of the Hebrews and with the poetry of all nations is a valuable beginning, and he is obviously right in laying stress on the importance of Oriental studies for the interpretation of the New Testament. This has been often neglected, as by Loisy or Schmiedel, and by the critics who think St. Paul Hellenized Christianity and introduced into a Judaistic sect the terms and initiations of the Mysteries. Centuries ago John Lightfoot did his pioneer work. But quite lately there has been a renewal of interest: Père

* The Mishna, or *deutépoios*, means a "repetition," to be learnt by heart. It is anything but poetry; no one could describe it as rhythmic; it has no catchwords, nor *clichés*, nor rhyme (nor reason). But it was memorized, and was seemingly meant to be.

Lagrange and his school have been followed into Palestine by the Jesuits; England has had Dr. Burney among others; Germany can boast of the recent work of Strack and Billerbeck.

M. Jousse is very clever as well as learned, and one must have the highest respect and admiration for the vast sweep of his synthesis, for his surprising linguistic knowledge and the amazing variety of his reading.

DOM JOHN CHAPMAN, O.S.B.

ART. 3.—A ROAD TO ROME

ONCE out of England people who habitually run away from their own intelligence are in for an unexpected bout of sport. In England everyone helps the fugitive; for his guilty flight the rough ways are made smooth and the crooked ways straight. Everyone is sympathetic and will show you where you can hide for a time behind a door or up a nice tree. Oddly enough, those are often kindest whose ears have never been startled by the baying of the immortal hounds. Here the sport is negligible both for hunter and hunted. But France is another matter. In that sharp intellectual light hiding-places are few and far between, and the scent is keen and there is no good-natured help offered to the pursued. I woke up one night in a little town high up in an Alpine valley, bound in the February snow; in the darkness I heard the clamour of the chase. I said, "It is Artemis hunting with her hounds through the frozen pinewoods." But the answer came colder than the icy hills. "She does not hunt so long before the dawn. She is safe with her brother beyond the sun. It is not Artemis. You know who it is."

I thought, "To-morrow I shall have to run. Where shall I run to and who shall I run with?" I remembered the Spring. Down at the mouth of the valley the brown mountain-sides were only streaked with snow and the fields were wet, and along the noisy torrent the catkins and the willows were out. I thought, "Even when the Spring passes slowly, she passes much too quickly. So I will run with her and go wherever she leads me."

This kind of running is done by taking the train. I took the train to Marseilles, and all down the valley the hill-tops ran with me on either side and the river ran in the middle—with such swift running the noise of the hunt was left a long way behind and finally died away. The palace of the Popes at Avignon now went by like tall clouds at evening, and in the enchanted twilight there were peach trees and almond trees in heavenly bloom

among the old grey rocks of Provence. At Marseilles I was met by a one-eyed man in a porter's uniform two sizes too big for him. "Come to our hotel," he said. "The English express themselves very well pleased with it." I was surprised at the English when I saw the hotel, but I stayed there because I thought, "The Truth won't look for me in a funny place like this." Nor did it. When I passed through Marseilles a year later, I searched for that hotel, but could find it nowhere, nor any sign of the one-eyed man. Perhaps, to make up for the lamentable deficiency of the French in this respect, sympathizers run some strange agency for the hunted. Who can say?

In the morning the one-eyed man wanted to know where I was going. "To Syria," I said, and he led me a long way through the town to the place where one buys tickets for Syria. But I could not buy a ticket because I had not enough money. I was very dejected and went and prayed in a lovely little square twelfth-century church, which lies in the shadow of the big, new, ugly Cathedral of St. Lazarus. This was that Lazarus whom our Lord raised from the dead. He came in a boat with Mary Magdalene and Martha, his sister, and was the first Bishop of Marseilles; this is a very old tradition indeed. In the church with a lot of children was an old priest, who asked me if I was English, and when I said Yes, he was delighted, and said he had learnt a little English, and would I read aloud to him a passage from his English copy of Thomas à Kempis. This I did, and the passage was all about pride and the folly of being proud. We parted great friends, and I went on to the great terrace of the Cathedral, where the fishermen had spread their nets to dry in the sun. Here I found two unshaven men in very ragged clothes, the kind of men who hang about seaports and pick up odd jobs from travellers. They said, "Where are you going?" I said I had hoped to go to Syria, but could not afford the ticket. They said, "We know a commercial agent who will let you go super-cargo on his boat very cheap." They took me to his office, but the commercial agent gave the three of us but one look and said "No." Then they said, "Do you know there is a

war on in Syria?" I did not know, and was thrilled to hear the news. They said, "You can go in a troop-ship." They took me to the troop-ship office, but here again the official said a very decided No. I stood in the street with the two men, wondering what to do. They said, "You will go to Algiers? You will go to Corsica?" They understood the spirit of flight quite perfectly, probably because they were poor and ragged Dagos, and were always up against Reality and knew its terrors. I thought, "The desire of my eyes is to see Jerusalem, but as it is I shall only get as far as Rome, and why not go by way of the sea?" I told them I should take to-morrow's boat for Corsica, and they thought that an excellent idea. The next day they were waiting by the boat for Corsica, and they took my knapsack on board and I gave them some money, and they waved good-bye when the boat started. On the second-class deck were two women and a few soldiers and nine cows. One of the soldiers was called Joseph, and we made friends. He said, "If you want an overcoat, borrow mine." But I had my father's old reefer coat, very much cut down for me. Joseph told me that he had already been wounded in the war with the Riffs, and had been drafted to go to Syria on the very boat I had tried to go on. But he had got his father in Corsica to wire that Joseph simply must come home on leave for very important family business; and here he was on the way home. He showed me the telegram with glee, but I was rather shocked, and said I longed to go to the war in Syria. He said, "You wouldn't if you had been wounded in Algiers," which was probably very true. He told me about the two Corsican sports—vendetta and boar-hunting. He said, "Of course this isn't a boat, it's a canoe." The steward or king of the second-class was a Roumanian of about sixty, exceedingly cheerful, with a great deep voice. He told me how beautiful Corsica was. "Magnificent. Incredible. Such mountains." He added, beaming: "And if I were but twenty-five years old, I should ask your hand in marriage."

The little boat took nearly a whole day and night to get to Bastia. Bastia is a lovely town, very Italian, with

golden yellow houses and two blue harbours, an old one and a new. There are great mountains round the town, and over it all was the wild clear light of the Mediterranean Spring. The Corsicans talk a language which is half Italian, half French, but in political sympathies they are passionately French. I had heard how they went about with knives and knifed you, and sure enough in the train to Ajaccio a man came across the swaying railway carriage carrying a huge knife open in his hand, and I thought, "It is all up with me." But he offered it to me with a charming smile, meaning that I should cut my orange with it, for I had been trying to peel it with my fingers.

That journey to Ajaccio is an indictment against trains. Though the journey lay through gorgeous mountains, the train, so to speak, kept on getting in the way, and it was impossible to master the lie of the splendid landscape. It just seemed one jumble of mountains, with jerks and whistles and masses of smuts and smoke. The train crossed one immensely high ridge under a snow-peak where the air turned cold and keen. There were narrow valleys with particularly beautiful torrents tumbling through them. Ajaccio was reached after dark, and immediately outside the station, through the dusk, there was the Bay astonishingly close and the free air of the sea. A little limping man met me, an hotel porter, and took me to a big charming French hotel in The Place. As he came along beside me in the queer grey twilight, my heart was racked for his infirmity. I thought, "The Truth has hunted him till he limps. It is a shame." In The Place by daylight I found not a monument to Napoleon alone, but a big bronze group in the Roman style of Napoleon and his four brothers. Ajaccio is determined to have five great men, not one. One would have expected a memorial to Napoleon's great mother, Laetitia Ramolini, but there is none. One thing darkened those few gay days of Spring in Corsica, and that was noticing how the women are treated contemptibly by their men, how they are overworked, grow old astonishingly quickly and long before their time. All the married women dress in black, and

their sad stern faces with noble features still haunt my mind. The very young women dress flashily, sometimes even vulgarly, in the modern style as if their only hope is to attract men in that way. They have the air of knowing they are not likely to get anything for nothing.

After Napoleon's fall and exile, Laetitia lived and died in Rome. The British Government, with a provincial lack of magnanimity, refused her permission to go out to him. She survived him twenty years.

Ajaccio has an air of being played out, as if it had not recovered from its exhaustion of producing Napoleon. The main occupation of everyone is to sit about in cafés enjoying the sun. The Bay is so astoundingly beautiful that it almost explains the general laziness. You just want to sit and look all the time at that great half-circle of water with its line of yellow sand and wild melancholy blue mountains rising on the far side. Of all the *motifs* of beauty in landscape, that of mountains standing up above the sea is perhaps the most marvellous.

There was an incredibly beautiful green schooner unloading timber in the harbour, and I began drawing a picture of her. The man in charge pulled up a piece of timber and bade me be seated. The four sailors were delighted with my drawing, and one of them showed me an exercise book full of drawings of ships that he had made with a purple pencil. It was yet early spring, but their faces were burnt a deep red-brown by the suns of past summers. The sailors' homes were in Via Reggio, but their lovely ship was from Barcelona, and thither she was going again.

There is no railway, fortunately, on to Bonifacio, but an autobus which bumped its way along the mountain roads in a cloud of dust. The roads were good, the bumping was the motor's fault. There were mountains all the way, stony and magnificent, very blue and faint and haunting in the distance, and an occasional sudden vision of the sea. Far off along the shore there were ruined watch-towers built by the Corsicans against the Genoese, and once I saw a derelict schooner lying high and dry on the muddy sand at the head of a grey-blue

estuary. On the mountain-sides there were masses of underbrush, grey and dark green, and olive gardens with great grey rocks under the ancient twisted trunks of the trees.

There were eucalyptus trees, like California, and fruit trees in pink and white blossom, and masses of white hawthorn in bloom among the rocks. As for the towns—Propriano on its green estuary and Sartène on its impossible hillside—they gave an impression of fearful insecurity, just balanced negligently on points and edges of the up-and-down landscape, and looking as if at any moment they might slide off.

Beside the road outside the villages there were sometimes family tombs, small stone shrines with cypress trees keeping sombre guard over them. As the day fell, the landscape became proportionately more desolate, the road winding precipitately above the sea. The driver was having a frantic argument with the girl sitting next to him, saying to her, "Why won't you? Why won't you? If you will not I will fling myself into the sea!" I only hoped that in his agonized zeal he would not fulfil his threat there and then, and take the rest of us over the precipice with him.

Quite suddenly we came out of a rocky defile, and there was Bonifacio standing up in the last of the daylight. There was a narrow winding harbour between cliffs, a group of red roofs beside it; then above that a town lying along the top of a huge narrow rock, enclosed by an immense wall with great square battlements of stone. Straight up above us it stood, frowning darkly and looking away to sea like some stronghold of the gods in the old Norse tales. The wall was so thick that passing under the gate was like going through a tunnel—there was an appreciable interval of total darkness before we raced out again and up the steep narrow street with its tall houses standing up against the green twilight. The wind that had been blowing all day had strengthened into a gale: a real howling gale, such as sailors may be well acquainted with, but of a force I should not have thought possible on land. But then, being in Bonifacio was not really

being on land. From my window in the inn, against the very last of the light, I saw the sheer descent of the rock plunging down into the dark, and the awful wall above looking like the battlements of Valhalla when all the gods are angry. We were an awed little party in the lamplit supper-room—a French commercial traveller, a charming Corsican, and a French artist and his wife. The noise of the wind made conversation impossible, and we ate the indifferent food in silence—thin soup and goat's meat and sour fruit.

That night I felt every bit as frightened of the horrible evil-looking little landlord as I did of the wind, and, finding no lock on my door, I heaped up a table and two chairs against the door. The gale shrieked and battered all night, and in the morning it had blown in nearly all the windows on the western side of the house, and the stone stairs and corridors were strewn thick with broken glass. The guests were surprised and pained at this, but the natives seemed to take it very laconically. All I ever learnt about the nature of this wind was that it was *not* the mistral. I went out to the obsolete fort on the farthest point of the rock, holding on to things and walking in the same struggling way in which one might swim against a fierce current. I crouched beside a wall and looked over the strait to Sardinia, a grey and stormy coastline twelve miles away, under a wild grey and silver sky. The wind blew straight as a die out of the west, roaring through the straits like a cavalry charge. The sea, two hundred feet below, was like something that had gone mad. Trying to tack down the street on the way back to the inn, I had a narrow escape from probable death, for a big red tile blew off a roof and smashed to pieces with great force on the cobblestones at my feet. During the afternoon the wind dropped almost to silence and nothingness within three hours. The next morning I got down to the sea's edge on the neck of land which joins Bonifacio's incredible rock with the cliffs of Corsica. To one coming from the mainland, Bonifacio, in spite of its isolated height, looks thoroughly heavy and solid and secure, unlike the other dizzily-perched mountain towns. But

from the other side one had a shock indeed, for the great cliff, two hundred feet high or more, slopes down to the sea not at a sane outward angle, but at a dreadful inward one, the sea having beaten for centuries at the base of the rock and eaten it more and more away. The last houses stood there above the empty air like a line of courageous prisoners whose doom is sealed.

The sea was at the very moment giving a demonstration of how fond it is of eating away rocks.

It was saying, "I don't care how long it takes. I'll teach you. I'll teach you. I'll teach you."

It was still furious about yesterday. I threw in most of the loose change I had on me, a few francs, and then ran for my life.

There was some political conversation at the inn. It seems that Italy, across the narrow Bouches de Bonifacio, keeps a sharp eye on Bonifacio, and Bonifacio returns the compliment. Italy courts Corsica, but all Corsica's loyalty is French. "*Et l'Angleterre?*" said the Corsican, looking at me. "*Elle a déjà une grande famille,*" I said. He smiled with charming suspicion and said, "*Mais elle ne refuse rien.*" The idea of England adopting Corsica made me laugh. Everyone in Bonifacio is suspected of being a spy.

The journey over to Sardinia took an hour, the little steamer rolling completely over to one side and then on to the other in the enormous light green waves. The bright pink and golden cliffs of Sardinia seemed to rush forward to meet us. Almost the entire male population of the village of Santa Teresa also came out to meet us in the sheltered green cove, some in rowing boats, some standing on the shore, all their small fry with them. There were loud shouts of "Dio Cristo" and "Santa Teresa," and what with that and the unexpected peace and calm of the place, it was like landing in heaven.

It is a tiny fishing village full of that dignity which is one of the secrets of the Italian poor. My room in the inn was big, with a low ceiling and a red-tiled floor, and a window which looked up a sloping field towards a skyful of stars. The beauty of the earth has a strange habit of

waylaying the wanderer at unexpected moments. Its ancient spell may overwhelm the soul anywhere on the beautiful face of the earth, without warning and without apparent reason.

That night, sitting by my window, just such a mood came upon me, and the beauty of that simple landscape, framed by the window, flooded in upon me, and lifted me up as if on a rising tide. There was a half-moon, vaguely shining on the field of rocks and brambles and coarse grass, its light not strong enough to dim the huge pensive stars which hung above the sky-line.

It was not Sardinia—it was the earth.

The next day there was more autobus, a good deal more of it, along roads which were hardly roads, but through mountains which were really mountains, a stony and deserted land. We came to "a city set on a hill," and here a young man and two boys came to the inn to bargain with me about a car to Terra Nuova. They said it would be cheaper than the ordinary autobus; but here a foolish old man with blue eyes interrupted and said, "No, it would be dearer." The man and the boys were so annoyed at being given away like that, that they ran headlong out of the room. I so understood their motive: when one longs to hit someone, but may not, then the only thing to do is to get away at once.

I went in their car to Terra Nuova. There I found the night-boat for Civita Vecchia, or Civita Vec, as the poor call it. I went third-class, and there was only sacking in the beds, and as I wanted to sleep on deck, I went to hire a rug in the first-class. They lent me a rug for nothing, and the captain told me to come to the first-class deck if I liked. Everyone on that boat was charming. In the cabin forward were some Italian peasants, who were very pleased to hear I was going to Rome. "We are Romans," they said. And I thought, "It is foolish to flee the scene of Justice, and to run to Rome. I am like a blindfold fugitive who runs into the arms of the pursuer."

The boat was still in the harbour, and I was lying on deck looking at the stars, when the constellations began

to spin round and change places. It was the boat which was silently turning round before starting off. I thought for a moment, through great drowsiness, that it was Orion leaping after Pleiades. But much looking at the stars on the road to Rome is not a good plan. They have a way of making Rome look very young.

There was a marvellous sunrise over the coast of Latium, its purple hills showing over the green waves much as they must have done for Palinurus, the moment before the sea took him. At Civita Vecchia I left my overcoat in an hotel, explaining to the man there that the New Testament was in one pocket and a bottle of ink in the other, and would he keep it till I came again. He kept it till I came back two months later. Then, with only my knapsack to carry, I started on the road to Rome. I thought it was only twenty miles, but when I came to the first milestone I saw I was on Aurelian's road and that it was fifty miles. I didn't care very much and went on, and everyone who passed me in the March sunshine called "*Buon viaggio*." It was the year after the Jubilee, and the sight of the oddest possible people walking to Rome from anywhere did not surprise them. The white road ran along by the sea, which was a deep violet-blue, and there was young green grass and bright green corn springing everywhere. A man in a mule cart gave me a lift, and his mules were called Regina and Rossignole. After a while he said, "Do you love me?" I said, "No." He said, "But we are both Christians, and Christians are bidden to love one another."

After that I walked again and sat to rest under some lovely bare trees, whose branches made an exquisite purple pattern on the white road. Only as far south as that would one see such brilliant sunshine and the trees still bare. I stayed a long time in the house of a man and woman who gave me wine and water to drink. The woman went into another room and brought in a sieve with some eggs wrapped in a black cloth. She cracked the eggs gently, and out came baby chickens, very excited at being born, and filling the room with their little cries.

I was very tired, and thought, "I am not one to mind

a little cheating." So I went to the railway station at Santa Severa, but found I had not enough money to get to Rome. I booked as far as I could, to Ponte Galerna. When I got out of the train at Ponte Galerna it was evening, and there was a feeling as of something very great being only just round the corner, only just out of sight. Every moment of the journey that day I thought I would see Rome in the distance, but here, only a few miles away, the landscape still hid the City from sight. The air was charged with the sense of its imminence. Everything in sight spoke about that which was out of sight. Far off across the plain there were great mountains, a soft violet in the afterglow of sunset. They looked as if they blushed with the significance of the enormous secret which they just, only just, did not tell. I thought, "Those are the mountains of dark Etruria, which was there before Rome." On their bosom I could just make out the roofs of a little town. They were the Alban mountains, had I known it, and the little town was Subiaco. The road went on across the plain, and to the left there was a long rising ground. This, had I known it, was the continuation of the Janiculan, and on the other side of it lay Rome, hidden behind her own hill.

I was very tired, and as hungry as a wolf; and I did not know what to do. I thought I should sleep there, but I had almost no money. Ponte Galerna is a tiny village, and there is no inn. There were some men working by the side of the road, and I spoke to one of them in English. He answered in English. Like many Italians, he had spent a long time in America. He was so kind that it filled me with a sense of guilt. I longed, so to speak, to be forgiven for his great goodness. He said, "Some fellows are good—some fellows are bad. I speak to you as if you were my own sister. You cannot sleep here. You should go to Rome. Down in Rome you'll be safe." He spoke to an older man, somewhat better dressed than the others, with a noble profile like an ancient Roman, who was over-seeing some tiles being unloaded from a lorry. This man said he would take me into Rome in his lorry the minute the unloading was finished. They asked me

where I was going in Rome, and I told them the name of an hotel I had heard of. When we started there was only a green glow left in the sky, and the darkness hid the mountains. I sat between the driver and the man who owned the lorry, and we talked gaily in *lingua franca*. Fascismo had made them intensely conscious of Rome, and this man was pleased with my enthusiasm. Soon we crossed a small river, reflecting on itself the very last of the light. I asked its name, and he smiled significantly and said, "*Il Tevere*." But I did not know that meant the Tiber. Then, beyond his stern profile, I saw a little city come into view, sparkling with many lights.

"What is that?" I said.

"*Roma—caput mundi*," he said.

Then I understood; and my eyes were blinded with a sudden rush of tears.

ELIZABETH BELLOC.

ART. 4.—LATIN AMERICA : TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

IT is not so very many years ago that Africa was popularly known, or rather unknown, as the "Dark Continent," and if that term were used to describe not so much the dusky hue of its inhabitants as the general European ignorance concerning them, it can to-day be far more appropriately applied to Latin America. Africa is no longer the land of mystery that it was in the days of our fathers; but that vast portion of the earth's surface which lies between the Rio Grande and Cape Horn is little more than a name to millions of Europeans, and yet, whether one regards its size or its economic potentialities, it is hard to resist the conclusion that in South America lies the future of the world. Brazil alone is equal in area to the United States, and together the various republics can, when the necessary capital is forthcoming, mobilize resources which will make them quite independent both of the raw materials and of the manufactured articles of other countries. In these circumstances it is surely high time that Europe in general and Great Britain in particular began to give careful consideration to the problems of that new world which Canning declared he had called into existence to redress the balance of the old.

The root of the present lies in the past to a greater extent in the Latin than in the Anglo-Saxon countries of America, and so evident is this even to the casual observer that visitors from the United States almost without exception feel that they are in Europe rather than still in their own continent. Geographical considerations, as a glance at the map will show, have not been without their influence in this direction; but historical associations have played a far greater part, and, such being the case, it is necessary to have a clear idea of the foundation upon which Latin-American civilization rests before considering the superstructure that is now being raised upon it.

Disunion has been the *damnosa hereditas* of Central and South America since colonial times, for in the very first place the colonization was not effected by one race but by two—the Spaniards and the Portuguese. Nor was this all, for Spain itself was united in name alone when Columbus sailed from Palos, and the mutual antipathies of the various kingdoms of the Peninsula were naturally reproduced across the ocean. What is now Latin America was not, moreover, devoid of inhabitants save for a few wandering tribes, as was that portion of the continent that the English and French occupied, but it was comparatively thickly populated, and that by races which varied in civilization from the Incas and the Aztecs on the one hand to the naked savages with their poisoned arrows, whose descendants are still to be found in the uplands of Bolivia, on the other. Lastly, there was the almost insuperable difficulty of communication between the various settlements : the sea was in almost every case the surest highway, but as the naval power of Spain declined that became no more safe than the mule-tracks over the mountains or through the forests, and the unfortunate colonists suffered in consequence. The only centripetal force was the Church, and it is an interesting fact that her foes have always been those of secular unity as well. In these circumstances the wonder is not that Spain eventually lost her American colonies, but rather that she kept them so long, and in these racial and geographical obstacles to union lies the reason why the British colonies came together after achieving their independence while the Spanish fell apart.

The separation of South America from Spain was achieved as the result of a war which continued intermittently for the greater part of twenty years, and of which the character has been almost universally misunderstood by posterity. In the first place, the colonies revolted not because Spanish control was from its very nature inefficient, but because it became so under the administration of Godoy, and finally broke down altogether with the commencement of the Peninsular War. Then, again, the contest was a civil war, therein resembling that of

North American independence, for, apart from the Creoles, large sections of the population fought on the side of Spain, and the struggle was, indeed, not so much a national uprising against government from Madrid, as the revolt of the Netherlands in the sixteenth century had been, as the American counterpart of the clash between the new ideas and the old which was taking place in contemporary Spain itself. The real significance of the struggle has been missed, sometimes quite deliberately, by historians, but once it is understood it goes a long way to explain the subsequent history of Latin America.

The nineteenth century, which at first sight appears to have been little more than a period of alternating reaction and revolution, witnessed very considerable progress indeed in the majority of the republics which had grown up on the ruins of the old Spanish Vice-Royalties. It is true that the democratic form of government, adopted in spite of the representations of Bolivar and of his ablest lieutenants, broke down in every single instance, but the dictatorships which took its place represented a very necessary stage in the evolution of the states concerned. Men like Rosas were the counterparts of Richelieu in an earlier age in Europe, and by their very ruthlessness they welded the disorganized peoples over whom they ruled into the great nations that some of them have become to-day. Omelettes cannot be made without the breaking of eggs, and states cannot be built save by strong government. The work of the dictators must be judged by its results, and these are seen in the material progress which South America made under their rule. For a time, at the beginning of the present century, there was a widespread tendency to revert to a more popular form of government, but as in Spain, Portugal, and Italy—the European countries with which Latin America has the closest racial affinities—the Parliamentary system has not generally proved a success, and recourse has been had to the dictator once more. Even in the Argentine, where representative government still survives, one of the most remarkable developments of recent years has been the growth of the Presidential power. In short, whatever surprises the

future may have in store it seems very unlikely that the traditions of government which obtain in London and Washington will ever command much support south of the Rio Grande.

No account of the historical background of the states of Latin America would, however, be complete without some mention of the changes which have been wrought by European immigration during the past fifty years. During this period the original stock in every republic has been replenished by constant mixture with the sturdy peasantry of Spain, Italy, and Portugal, and there has also not been wanting a certain infiltration of German and British elements, the latter coming for the most part from Ireland and Scotland. It is true that this change in the character of the population has not always proved to be an unmixed blessing, for the anarchist outrages which from time to time disturb the peace of the larger cities are the work of a section of these immigrants; but it is also true that those states to which the stream of European emigration has been principally directed, notably Chile and the Argentine, have for that very reason progressed far more rapidly than their neighbours. Moreover, in no case has the assimilation of the newcomers presented the same difficulties as in the United States, for neither in religion nor in race have they differed from the earlier inhabitants, and so the Latin character of South American civilization has not only been preserved but actually reinforced by their arrival.

When one turns from the past to the present it is to discover that the problems of to-day are, for the most part, economic rather than political, though in Brazil an experiment in racial fusion is being made which merits attention far beyond the ranks of the professed ethnologists. In fact, the only great political question before South America at the present time is that of its relations with the United States, and this in its turn depends upon the existence of certain economic factors which are not always understood in Europe as clearly as they should be.

Every republic in Latin America is seriously under-

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populated. It is, of course, true that the climate will probably prevent the population per square mile ever attaining the same figure that is possible in Europe or the United States, but science is every day recording fresh victories over climatic disadvantages, and places where no white man could live a generation ago he can now reside in with impunity. An eminent Brazilian has recently stated that his country alone could support two hundred million inhabitants, and in some of the other republics conditions are even more favourable to settlers than they are in Brazil. Until recent years it was generally assumed that immigration would be the principal cause of the increase of population, but of late this stream has diminished, for Signor Mussolini and Generals Primo de Rivera and Carmona regard with no favourable eye the artizan or peasant who would seek his fortune overseas. Yet only by an increase of population can the South American countries hope to attain that commanding position in the counsels of the world which is their right, and that their Governments recognize the fact is proved by the recent action of Uruguay in allowing Signor Mussolini's claim of a dual citizenship for Italian immigrants, a step, however, which neither the Argentine nor Brazil shows any disposition to follow.

Second only to the lack of inhabitants is the need for fresh capital to exploit the enormous natural resources with which Latin America is so richly endowed. In the past this was to a very large extent supplied by Great Britain and other European countries, but the war and its aftermath have brought about a change in this respect, and by far the largest investments are now made by citizens of the United States, though Bolivia is so far the only nation where North American capital has a greater stake than its rivals. In spite, however, of what foreign money has done it is but a small part of what there remains to do, particularly in the matter of communications. In every corner of Latin America there is some source of potential wealth which is at present valueless, for the sole reason that the cost of its transport to the markets of the world is prohibitive. Nevertheless, each

year sees the railway reaching some area which has hitherto been dependent upon the mule-train for its contact with the world outside, and the rivers being used more and more as highways of commerce, while the success of the Scadta in Colombia shows the future there is for aerial communications. At the same time it is quite clear that, as in the United States in the nineteenth century, improved means of transport must come first, and then a very rapid development will automatically follow.

Unfortunately there can be no doubt that the economic progress of more than one republic is being hampered by the fact that, with the exception of Chile, none of the states is an economic unit, and in these circumstances it is doubtful how long the present political frontiers will last. The Argentine, for example, although peopled by an energetic race and possessed of a fertile soil, is severely handicapped by its lack of minerals and water power, while but a short distance away in Paraguay there is enough and to spare of the latter. Bolivia and Paraguay are both shut off from all direct access to the sea—a disability which is the real cause of the present *malaise* between them, while, further north, Peru, Ecuador, and Colombia are all engaged in more or less acrimonious frontier disputes which have their origin in economics rather than politics. Sooner or later it would seem that these questions will have to be settled, and it is to be hoped that the settlement will be effected in the council-chamber rather than upon the battlefield.

In several of the republics there is also the racial problem to be faced, although except in Brazil it does not attain the proportions that might be imagined from a perusal of the works of those authors who have more regard for sensationalism than for truth. In the Argentine the coloured element, whether Indian or negro, in the population is very slight, and in Chile the mixture of Spaniard and Araucanian has produced the happiest results. On the other hand, there is undoubtedly need of fresh European blood in Bolivia, Peru, and Ecuador, for it is a remarkable fact that in all the lands which once formed part of the Inca's dominions the Indians have

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neither energy nor ambition. In Brazil the experiment is being made of ignoring distinctions of colour completely, with the result that a very mixed race indeed is being built up : what the future of this attempt to solve one of the most important problems of the present day will be remains to be seen, but it is certainly of world-wide importance, for in an age of rapidly improving communications it is impossible to keep the various races in watertight compartments. Generally speaking, however, with the exceptions already named, the weakness from which the Latin-American states suffer is not so much the quality of their population as the quantity.

When one turns from the material to the cultural aspect of Latin-American civilization it is to find that three influences are at work, and, in the order of their importance, they are Iberian, French, and Anglo-Saxon. Unfortunately, they rarely receive the attention which is their due, for the average Briton is far too inclined to regard South America as a market and nothing more, and the fact that it has a culture of its own is generally ignored.

The basis of civilization south of the Rio Grande is Spanish, except of course in Brazil, where it is Portuguese. All immigrants are absorbed into the existing atmosphere, and in the second generation help to perpetuate it. To this state of affairs the Church has very wisely contributed, and its influence has always been on the side of unity, as was shown a few years ago when it actually prevented an outbreak of hostilities between Chile and the Argentine. The revival of Spain herself during the past decade has to no inconsiderable extent helped to strengthen this Iberian influence, and as a straw to show which way the wind is blowing, it may be mentioned that at the inauguration of Dr. Irogoyen as President of the Argentine last year the military march-past was headed by a detachment of Spanish marines, who received a tumultuous welcome. The Cuban Government has recently decided to erect a statue of King Alfonso in Havana, while practically every one of the Republics is represented at the Ibero-American Exhibition at Seville. Thus it may be said without fear of contradiction that not only

is the original Iberian element in Latin-American civilization as strong as ever, but it has been very considerably reinforced of late years.

The French influence is almost entirely upon the intellectual plane, and where such is not the case it is unfortunately exercised in the direction of a degeneration of morals to such an extent that in many parts the word *francesa*, or Frenchwoman, is the synonym of a prostitute. To a certain extent the admiration for French culture is a pose which the Latin-American adopts in common with every would-be intellectual throughout the world, and to such a cause must be ascribed the position attained by Positivism in Brazil, where one may perhaps be pardoned for suspecting that many of its adherents know little either of Comte or of his doctrines. At the same time, there can be no doubt that Bolivar and his colleagues were very considerably impressed by Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot, and French thought has played a prominent part ever since, while it has not been without its influence both upon politics and law. To-day it is upon the wane, though the Latin-American still visits Paris in large numbers, and the reason is not far to seek. The nineteenth century was a great era in French but a blank period in Spanish literature, while its successor promises to be the reverse, and that brilliant group of writers to whom Spain has recently given birth is commanding a very wide public across the Atlantic; indeed, Spanish men of letters are showing themselves as partial to a lecture-tour in the New World as their British contemporaries. Moreover, the South American States are gradually building up a literature of their own, and as the years pass it is showing increasingly less trace of French influences.

The Anglo-Saxon, whether Briton or North American, very rarely manages to get below the surface of the civilizations with which he comes into contact, and such has been the case in Latin America, with the exception of the Argentine and Chile, where there have fortunately always been enough Irishmen to play their traditional rôle of interpreting the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon to one another. Apart from sport, and that chiefly in the

Argentine, business has so far been the only common ground for the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin-American, and business friendships very rarely get into the home. Travellers who have noted the changes which have taken place of late years in all that pertains to commerce and industry are loud in their protestations that the Anglo-Saxon influence is carrying everything before it, but the soul of the people remains unaltered for all that. Because a man works in an office furnished in a British or North American style, and in his spare moments may be seen dipping into a French novel, that is not to say that his whole attitude towards life is changing. In short, those who expect to see any other influence than the Iberian supreme in Latin-American civilization are doomed to disappointment.

During the past ten years there has been throughout Latin America a marked recrudescence of the dictatorship, but this is due to different reasons from those which originally called that form of government into existence in the New World. The dictator in the nineteenth century was, as has been shown, the American counterpart of Louis XI and Henry VII, of Cardinals Richelieu and Cisneros, but his successor of the twentieth is comparable rather with Signor Mussolini and General Primo de Rivera. There can also be no doubt that the progress of events in Spain, whose relations with her former colonies are now on a more friendly basis than at any time since they achieved their independence, has had a very considerable effect in America, and has directed public attention towards the dictatorship once again as a possible solution in the hour of crisis. The problems, economic and political, of the post-war period have called for strong government, and on both sides of the Atlantic what is known as "big business" has shown a marked preference for the dictator. In these circumstances the autocrats of to-day, like General Gomez in Venezuela, are not so much the successors of the old *caudillos* as the American counterpart of Signor Mussolini and General Primo de Rivera: the circumstances of their rise are much the same, and their policy—that of national regeneration—is identical.

It is often objected, generally by those in Great Britain and the United States who are unacquainted with the facts, that the history of Latin America is but the tale of endless revolutions, and this half-truth has led to the wildest misconceptions on the part of the general public in both countries. Pierpont Morgan is credited with the remark that "it always pays to be a bull in the Latin-American market," and what is true of finance is also true of politics. The progress made within the last hundred years is little, if at all, short of miraculous, and if there has been much internecine strife one may doubt whether in all the revolutions of Latin America there have been as many lives lost as in the Civil War in the United States. Political discontent may be, as it was in Athens and Rome, a mark of national vigour, and in spite of repeated disturbances the old Spanish and Portuguese colonies have made more headway during the past century than many countries whose career has been far less stormy.

Although there are many differences between the constitutions of the Latin-American republics they are not in actual fact of such importance as may at first sight appear, for but few of the constitutions have ever been entirely applied, while the Governments of all the States have more in common than in contrast as far as their actual working is concerned. It may, however, be remarked in passing, that in some of them—Mexico, Venezuela, Brazil, and the Argentine—the administration rests upon a federal basis, while elsewhere it is unitary in character. State rights are probably most complete in Brazil, where, since the centripetal influence of the monarchy has been removed, they have constituted on occasion a serious threat to national unity, as during the revolt of Sao Paulo a few years ago. In spite of these minor distinctions it is possible to survey government in Latin America to-day as a whole without the fear of making any too sweeping generalizations.

The presidential power is in the majority of cases far greater than in the United States or in the average European republic, and in practice it tends to be even more extensive than in theory; it contains more than a

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trace of dictatorial authority, and this goes far to explain why in so many instances the step from president to dictator has proved such an easy one for an ambitious man to take. The president of to-day is the viceroy of yesterday, and his power has been curtailed but little; indeed, if one seeks to find the real centre of authority in most Latin-American countries it is to the president that one must look, and in consequence the government is not a republic at all, but, in the strict etymological sense, an elective monarchy. This system has both its advantages and disadvantages, but there can be little doubt that, in the absence of a hereditary kingship, the former greatly outweigh the latter; indeed, in existing conditions, it is difficult to see what other would be practicable. The means of communication, except in the Argentine and Chile, are still too backward, and the rural population is too scattered and too primitive, to make democracy more than a theory: the whole basis of aristocratic government is, save in Chile, wanting; so there is no alternative but monarchy, and the only subject for discussion is what form it shall take and how absolute it shall be.

Beneath the president the actual machinery of government tends to be worked by very few hands. As Professor Shepherd very justly points out: "Public opinion as a controlling force, in the sense in which the expression is understood in the United States and in Great Britain, is virtually non-existent. Newspapers, to be sure, exercise some influence. Mass meetings of protest or recommendation, also, are occasionally held; but the tendency is to regard such manifestations of public sentiment as seditious, or, at all events, not in accordance with established usage," and he goes on to say that as a consequence "professional men, rather than those concerned primarily in industrial pursuits, are apt to be the dominant factor in politics." Whether these developments are to be welcomed or to be deprecated is a matter of individual opinion, but there can be no doubt that the *cacique*, or local "boss," is as prominent in the political life of Latin America as he was in that of Spain before the advent to power of General Primo de Rivera. At the same time,

he is less of a danger in the New World than in the Old, for a knowledge of local conditions, which he can supply, is at once more necessary and harder to get. In short, if government is not in actual practice "broad based upon the people's will" it has of late years betrayed a very extensive knowledge of the needs of those whom it controls, and the progress made by Latin America since the beginning of the present century is proof of its virtues in fact, if not always in theory.

The future of any section of the human race is at all times an enigma, but never has it been more difficult to determine than in this age of rapid change, and the probable evolution of Latin America during the remainder of the present century is no exception. Upon one prophecy, however, it is possible to venture with a certain amount of confidence, and that is that the era of isolation is over, and that all the republics are destined to play an increasingly more important part upon the stage of the world's politics. Such being the case, they can no longer be regarded separately, and so in any forecast of their development in years to come account must be taken of their neighbour in the north, the United States.

The future of the United States is, it is true, still to seek, and at the moment she stands at the parting of the ways. On the one hand is the party that advocates increased armaments and a bid for world power such as Spain, France, and Germany have made in the past; on the other are those whose idealism supported President Wilson and gave birth to the Kellogg Pact. Which side will ultimately triumph it is impossible to say, but upon the result of the struggle at present going on in North American domestic politics depend the future relations of the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin portions of the continent.

The interests of the United States to the south of the Rio Grande are political and economic—political so far as the Canal zone is concerned, and economic throughout the whole of Latin America. What the Suez Canal is to the British Empire the Panama Canal is to the United States, and no reasonable person will be prepared to criticize Washington for safeguarding that route. In

these circumstances the Republic of Panama must necessarily bear the same relation to the United States that Egypt does to the British Empire, but that does not imply the need for continually intermeddling in the internal affairs of Nicaragua, Haiti, and San Domingo. As for the Monroe Doctrine as a whole, it is difficult to understand the case for its retention as a cardinal point in North American policy. To put it quite bluntly, the United States would be totally unable without the use of British naval bases to repel the attack of any European Power upon, say, Uruguay, though in actual fact such an attack would be impossible owing to the opposition with which it would meet from the Argentine and Brazil. The Monroe Doctrine is thus a meaningless formula, but its mere existence is a standing cause of discontent at Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro. It is, of course, true that North American capital is every year crossing the Rio Grande in larger quantities, but that is surely an insufficient reason for insisting upon a theoretical hegemony of the whole of Latin America. Sooner or later the ill effects of the present situation are bound to impress themselves upon the State Department at Washington, but in the meantime there can be no doubt that tension between the United States on the one hand and the Argentine and Brazil on the other is growing apace, and it will continue so long as the former refuses to negotiate with the latter on a basis of complete equality.

The one outstanding fact about Latin-American politics at the present time is that three states—the Argentine, Brazil, and Chile—are in advance of the rest. Chile, it is true, has for geographical reasons little hope of further expansion in the future, but although she will in all probability never equal either the Argentine or Brazil in population or resources, her place is assured owing to the patriotism and virility of her inhabitants, for a nation is not great owing to the size of its territory but because of the quality of its citizens. The Argentine has unlimited possibilities before it, but unless oil is discovered on a far larger scale than is at present the case water-power will be essential in very large quantities indeed. In these circum-

stances it is by no means certain that the amount derived from the Misiones Province will suffice, and as no more is to be obtained within the confines of the republic the resources of Paraguay will have to be tapped. Brazil is in many ways more fortunately placed than either Chile or the Argentine, for within the three-and-a-quarter million square miles which she covers are to be found every sort of power and of raw material, and her future depends partly upon the development of communications and partly upon the ability of science to render her tropical areas fit for human residence. Neither in the case of Brazil nor of the Argentine, however, are these present difficulties likely to be long in being overcome, given the ability and patriotism of their Governments, and it is safe, therefore, to say that their future among the Great Powers of the world is already assured.

Of the states that are at present in the second rank—Uruguay, Peru, Columbia, Venezuela, and Mexico—it is, for one reason or another, more difficult to prophesy. Uruguay, in spite of the patriotism of the citizens, is too small ever to be more than a buffer between the Argentine and Brazil, while Mexico has yet to establish a stable government with some more solid basis than violent anti-clericalism. On the other hand, Peru, Columbia, and Venezuela lack only the population and the capital to exploit their resources to an extent which will place them on an equality with the A B C Powers. At the same time it is highly doubtful whether the existing frontiers, even where they are not in dispute, will remain unaltered for another generation, for, as has been already said, they are not economic, and it seems more than likely that some of the smaller states will eventually be absorbed by their bigger neighbours. Indeed, in Central America a federation of the existing republics has on more than one occasion actually taken place, and with the improvement of the means of communication the tendency in favour of those larger units in which Bolivar himself so firmly believed is bound to gather force.

There are other problems, too, which will call every day more loudly for settlement as the century progresses.

The question of a Bolivian outlet to the sea cannot remain in abeyance for ever, while European administration in the Guianas will have to be improved if it is to justify its continuation. Cuba has more than fulfilled the hopes which were entertained of her, and if Haiti and San Domingo are not subjected to any further foreign interference they will doubtless work out their own salvation. Above all, the next half-century will everywhere witness progress, and there will be no "cycle of Cathay."

In internal affairs the influence of Latin traditions of government is likely to remain predominant. That is to say, a strong executive of the type which now obtains in Madrid, Rome, and Lisbon will probably be evolved, and democracy of an Anglo-Saxon pattern would seem to have little future south of the Rio Grande. If the nations of Latin America are going, as is certainly the case, to make their weight felt in the counsels of the world, they will also be subject, to a far greater extent than in the past, to the influence of events across the Atlantic. Already the establishment of dictatorships in the Mediterranean countries has been followed by their revival in South America, and this is prophetic of what is to come. The ocean and the Andes will no longer be a barrier to the passage of ideas in either direction, and both the New World and the Old will be the gainers thereby. All this is not, however, to say that the civilization of Latin America to-morrow will be purely imitative. It is true that Spain and Italy will in all probability contribute more than they have done in the past, and France considerably less, but the amalgam will bear a strong national imprint, for it is not only great states that are in process of formation, but great nations. The world which Canning called into existence is becoming a reality at last.

CHARLES PETRIE.

ART. 5.—THE MYSTERY OF MATTER

IT is quite certain that all our knowledge comes to us by way of the senses—that is, from what is called “matter.” It does not, indeed, follow that matter is the source, or the object, of knowledge. But we are ourselves material, at least in part, and the surroundings with which we are in direct contact are all also material. Therefore, when men began to enquire into the nature of the world in which they had to live—which is the first step to philosophy and to science—they naturally considered things simply as they knew them—that is, in their material aspect. The Pagan mythologies dealt entirely with ideas conceived in terms of matter: their gods were “magnified and non-natural men,” who ruled the world of men and things by the crudest of physical means, and whose intercourse with one another was no less sensual than that of the human race itself. If mythology is, as seems probable, entirely or in great part a personification of the processes of nature, it is evidently the result of a childlike enquiry into the inner reality of nature, conducted in the light of the very limited experience of the enquirers, perhaps together with reflections of a primitive and almost forgotten revelation. “Tell me, art thou goddess or mortal?” asks Ulysses of Nausicaa: an earthly princess and the goddess of the chase, the daughter of Zeus, were very much the same sort of persons. But little as mythology did for human knowledge, which it has rather hindered than helped, it was undoubtedly the beginning of that Baconian “interrogation of nature,” the consequences of which have so profoundly affected the conditions of human life.

Not less material in its purpose and method was the real beginning of philosophy, when anthropomorphism had ceased to be accepted by the more intelligent as a sufficient or in any way satisfactory account of the real nature of things. The earliest of the Greek philosophers were the Hylicists, or Materialists, Thales, Anaximander, and Anaximenes. They asked, What are things in general

made of? The first answered water, because moisture is necessary to life; the second, an indeterminate quantity from which everything arises, and to which all things return; the third gave air as the principle out of which everything is formed by way of rarefaction and condensation. Parmenides and the other Eleatics, their successors, refined these notions into that of mere being, in virtue of which, as the universally pervasive principle, all things are really one—a notion which scarcely differs from what people commonly think about matter to-day. By the Eleatic Xenophanes nature was identified with God, the One and All, the reality as distinguished from the many, which are compounded of earth and water, and are only appearance. After these came Empedocles, who added to the elements of earth, air, fire and water, as the originating principle, the forces of attraction and repulsion, or Love and Hate, whence proceed change, movement, life and death. Anaxagoras supposed the variety of things to be due to a constant mingling and separation of primitive substances, or "seeds," originally in a chaotic condition, but reduced to order by the divine mind or reason. Heraclitus emphasized the constant changes of material things: all flows, and nothing abides. The cause of the perpetual flux is the elemental fire which is not only the primitive substance of things, but also the divine reason and the human soul; the rising and sinking of the fire brings about the constant succession by which all things pass into their opposites and return again to what they were.

In such speculations what is sought is not the nature of matter itself, but rather the principle on which it assumes its various forms. Matter is taken for granted; one or more kinds, or one universal attribute, is taken as the explanation or governing principle of the rest. Leucippus and Democritus made some attempt to discover what is now called the structure of matter, by supposing the universe to be the result of a fortuitous concurrence of homogeneous atoms, the variety of things depending on their number, arrangement and movements. But the atoms themselves were not analyzed or explained: they, together with the space occupied by them, were the ultimate

reality. Only in the idea of an ordering mind or reason, though it is conceived rather as a principle inherent in the material world than as a spiritual entity, do we see the germ of a perception that the universe is not wholly material, and that matter cannot be made to explain itself.

Plato, however, conceived matter as something in itself distinct from the aspects under which it becomes known to us. It had existed, he thought, from eternity, together with God. In itself it was negligible and valueless: it was without qualities or order, and indeed possessed no proper reality. But God created a soul with which He endowed the world, and then brought matter into order and caused it to assume definite mathematical properties. The ultimate reality Plato held to be the Ideas, which are what later philosophy knew as Universals: but for Plato the Ideas were not abstractions, or even constituents of natural objects, as the medieval Realists supposed them to be, but entirely transcendental realities, by participation in which things exist as they are. The Ideas are also the perfect exemplars of all things, and as such are objects of imitation. There are many ideas; but the chief is the idea of Good, which is God, the cause of all being and all knowledge. Plato's philosophy is mainly concerned with the Ideas: he admits mere matter as a distinct concept, but material things, he held, are knowable only through the ideas which they exemplify and from which in some sense they derive their origin. It will be seen that a distinction between matter in itself and matter as realized in actual existence was clearly perceived by Plato. But the doctrine of the Ideas is perhaps rather mythological than philosophical: it was a subject of acute controversy, under the name of Realism, some 1,400 years after Plato.

Aristotle brought something like finality to the subject by his two comprehensive doctrines of Matter and Form, and Potentiality and Actuality. As to the first of these, it is evident that all the objects of sensation, which are commonly said to be "matter" of different kinds, have a certain feature in common, underlying the various special qualities of each. This may be described as that which causes the various qualities of objects to be, under suitable

conditions, perceptible by the senses. The objects of sense differ very widely from each other, but they are all alike in the fact that they can produce sensations in the human organism, and apparently in all others which include a nervous system. This common quality or power of sense-excitation is called by Aristotle Matter (*ὑλη*—the scholastic *materia prima*). It is what all things are made of—their “material”; but in itself it is no particular thing: it is “without predicate, determination or distinction”; it enters into everything, but is itself nothing, though it may be anything. This is evidently a fact of universal experience. When we speak of “matter,” in common language, what we mean is simply all sensible things without distinction; but in doing so we really imply that all sensible things have something in common—namely, the power of affecting our bodily senses—their sensibility. This power or quality is what is called matter in the Aristotelian system; when we consider it apart from the objects in which it is found, we can say no more of it than that it exists. But it is not a mere name, indicating a class or species, because it is in everything alike, and it is as real as any of the qualities or properties of material things—such as colour, dimensions, or figure—which are the outward indications to the senses of the underlying reality. On the other hand, indeterminate matter does not exist: we know matter only as the necessary condition of the existence of any sensible object.

Matter then is evidently not the whole of anything: it neither exists of itself, nor causes anything else to exist. The other coefficient of material things, and that which causes them to exist and to be what they are, is Form (*μορφή*, *forma substantialis*). Things therefore are compounds of Matter and Form (*ἐντελέχεια*, *materia secunda*) to the existence of which both matter and form are necessary. Matter therefore, in the popular and also in the scientific sense, is this compound or *materia secunda*. Aristotle, so to speak, decomposes it into its constituents. He does so, not by experiment, but by thought. For matter is beyond the direct reach of experiment, since experiment must necessarily presuppose it. Form with

Aristotle holds the place of the Ideas in the Platonic scheme; things are what they are, and what we perceive them to be, by reason of their forms. Matter therefore exists as recognizably something only when compounded with form. We cannot, that is, separate the matter and form of things otherwise than in thought. Matter, in fact, is mere potentiality—a possibility of existence, but not any existing thing. Actuality, or real existence, is imparted by form: the substance and qualities which constitute real existence are given by form, and are absent from matter in itself. Has matter then any reality at all? Aristotle answers that it has only such reality as belongs to potentiality, or capacity for existence. This can hardly be called reality: yet it is not simple non-existence. For matter can receive an indefinite number of successive forms in the process of evolution or continual change which is the law of nature: one form passes away and another takes its place under the influence of some external agency. But obviously all changes are not possible in any one object; for some, the necessary conditions are not present—the potentiality of them does not exist. Thus grapes are potentially wine, but vinegar is not. The particular potentiality of matter is determined by its actual form: but matter without form is mere indetermination. Thus it may be said that matter in Aristotle's view has the nature rather of a concept than a "material" reality, but, like all concepts, it exists only in virtue of its relation to an actual fact. St. Thomas and the Scholastics after him are somewhat more precise. They hold that matter is "concreated" with form; but the greater precision of this view does not denote any change in their conception of matter, but rather a clearer and more definite notion than Aristotle had of the fact of creation. The Christian philosophy holds that everything is created in all its parts by God: those parts therefore that are mutually dependent may well be thought to be created together.

The union of matter and successive forms is what the doctrine of potentiality and actuality is concerned with. Form passes into matter, and so a change occurs: an old form vanishes and a new one arises in the previously exist-

ing matter; and this is a universal and constant process. It is a way of describing the perpetual change that constitutes the order of nature. The passage of matter into real existence by the reception of form is, in general, motion. Essentially, all motion is change of form: growth and decay, development and degeneration, change of place and circumstance, and even of thought can be represented in principle as the passage from potentiality to actuality. Not only so, but the relation of matter and form is seen to exist even in cases when matter in the strict sense is not in question. Thus thought is as form to the mind's matter: any action is as matter to the formal intention which prompts it and qualifies it as good or bad; in the Beatific Vision, according to St. Thomas, the human soul is united to God as matter to form.

But movement implies a mover: there must be an impulse from without before the change from potentiality to actuality can occur, for nothing can move itself. The continual pressure of things one upon another in the world is sufficiently obvious. But how did the process begin, and how is it kept going? Aristotle replies that there must necessarily be a First Mover, to whose action all the motion of the universe is due. But this First Mover must itself be unmoved; otherwise there would have to be an infinite series of movers. That is to say, the First Mover must be pure form, without matter, since only so can a mover that is itself unmoved be conceived. The First Mover therefore is actuality without potentiality, unchangeable and perfect—that is to say, God. He presides and has presided from eternity over the universe, and His perfection is the pattern to which all things naturally seek to conform.

The Scholastic philosophers hold also that there are necessarily other immaterial forms—those, namely, of angels and of disembodied souls. But these are not pure actuality, though their potential being is to be found not in matter, but in the mere possibility of their existence which has been fulfilled in their creation. Only God is pure actuality (*actus purus*) and absolutely simple; other spiritual beings are in a certain sense compound, being

constituted by their *essence*, or their ideal possibility, and their actual existence in correspondence with it. But in God, whose existence is necessary, or who never has begun or can cease to exist, essence and existence are one.

Further, since all material beings are compounds of matter and form, Aristotle finds a variety of forms corresponding to the varieties of existence in the world. All things here are parts of a graduated hierarchy, ranging from the lowest and simplest natural objects up to man. All inanimate things have their appropriate forms, differing widely in characteristics, but alike in the fact that they are inanimate. Living things have in their forms the principle of their organic life as a common feature: in vegetables it is a principle of nutrition, in animals it is also a principle of sensation, and in man it is still further one of reason also. That is to say, the form of every living organism is its "soul"—in vegetables, nutritive; in animals, both nutritive and sensitive; and in man, nutritive, sensitive and rational.

Thus out of the fundamental principle of matter and form Aristotle constructs the entire universe. But it may be asked, Are we really any the wiser? Do we learn anything from it, or does it merely give new names to things that everyone has always known? In one sense, it is certainly true that metaphysics have nothing new to show us: only physical science can discover fresh objects of knowledge. What philosophy does for us is to analyze and arrange the perceptions and ideas which in the first instance we have in a more or less confused state. We have all the pieces of the puzzle before us; what we want is to get them fitted together in a complete pattern; and this is what philosophy does, or at least tries to do, for us. When all the pieces are fitted together, they are no more in number than they were before: but they make a complete whole, and so make a picture, and convey a meaning of which in their former confusion they gave us no idea. Therefore the value of any system of philosophy is to be estimated according to the completeness with which the parts of the puzzle are arranged, and the clearness of the picture they are made to present. If any of the pieces

refuse to be fitted in, or if they fail to make a coherent picture, the philosophical principle must be somehow in fault. One great merit of Aristotle is that his appeal is throughout to general experience: nothing is left out, and the system is coherent from top to bottom.

The twin problems of philosophy, the reconciliation of the real and the ideal, and the one and the many, are not indeed solved by Aristotle, or by anybody else; but Aristotle places them in perspective, so that the two factors of each are seen to be complementary and necessary to each other, the ultimate resolution being left to the mystery of creation, which necessarily lay outside the sphere of ancient speculation.

We learn, again, nothing from Aristotle about what is called the "structure of matter": for matter in the Aristotelian sense has no structure, being in itself merely negative (*στέρσις*). But whatever the structure of material things may be, and however minute their ultimate constituents may eventually appear, there are in every particle as in the whole the same two elements of matter and form. The external world as perceived by us is both sensible and intelligible, and we perceive it because we are both sensitive and intelligent. As neither matter nor form in our experience exists separately, so sensation and intelligence are conjoined in us, and it is by the combined use of the two powers which belong to the combination of matter and form, or body and mind, in ourselves that we apprehend our surroundings.

It is clear, moreover, not only from the Aristotelian doctrine, but from natural reflection on our mental and bodily powers, that matter and form, both in themselves and as they are made known in material things, are really ideal constructions. Things are not so much perceived as inferred. Our bodily sensations tell us nothing: we are aware of them, and nothing more. But by comparison and combination they appear to us as things; and this comparison and combination are the work of the mind. Without sensation we should know nothing at all, and without intelligence our sensations would have no meaning, though they might be vaguely apprehended as desirable

or undesirable, or pleasurable or painful. Sensations are nothing more than what Professor Eddington calls "pointers" into the unknown. We are able intellectually to follow their guidance so far as to attain to some knowledge of real things; but not to the ultimate reality from which they must in the long run proceed. To know absolute reality would, it seems, be to know the universe as it is known by its Creator; and this no one has yet achieved or probably ever will. Therefore we cannot say that our very limited inferences from sense-experience are complete and exhaustive; material things may, under other conditions than those that obtain in our immediate surroundings, display properties of which we have at present no idea. It is perhaps not without significance that mankind has always shown a tendency to expect more of nature than she appears capable of giving: the ideas of magic and various other superstitions, which if we would confess the truth are never very far from any of us, worthless as they are in themselves, may possibly be indications of unplumbed depths in human consciousness where waves and currents occur of which sane and rational intelligence can take no account, but which yet originate in some aspect of reality that is beyond our conscious experience. This may or may not be the case. But it is certain that miracles have frequently happened, and happen still; and though they can be due only to the supreme Power which governs the universe, they nevertheless imply some antecedent potentiality of which we can know nothing more than that it exists. In quite another sphere, the abstruse and impressive researches of Professors Einstein and Eddington have shown us material things behaving in ways utterly unlike those we are accustomed to in ordinary experience. To such instances may perhaps be added some apparent and so far unexplained exceptions to the supposed uniformity of nature, such as thought-reading, water-finding by the "divining-rod," and of some features of hypnotic trance, of fortune-telling and of so-called spiritualism.

The conclusion to which we are led is therefore that material things—what is commonly meant by "matter"—are by no means so fixed and unchangeable as they have

been supposed to be; that our knowledge of their nature is very limited; and that they imply all kinds of possibilities which are for the most part beyond our knowledge. In dealing with "matter," it seems certain that "a man's reach must exceed his grasp."

But in strong contrast with the doctrine of Aristotelianism we have the Stoic conception of matter. Zeno, the founder of Stoicism, was nearly contemporary with Aristotle; and he was followed for nearly 300 years by a succession of thinkers whose names are universally famous. With them, matter and form were inseparable; the two, though ideally distinguishable, were virtually one. In other words, the Aristotelian distinction was unreal: matter existed only as an "entelechy," or the scholastic *materia secunda*—an ultimate and impenetrable barrier to further progress, even in thought. All reality therefore is material. God, the soul and the world are all material. Consciousness and thought are properties of matter. God is the moving force and the thinking principle in the world: the soul is a part of God, and knowledge comes to it as impressions received from material objects. The consciousness of the world, as a whole, is identical with God, who governs and directs all things to determinate ends, and who is immanent in all things as the *πνεῦμα* or all-pervasive breath which is the world's life, and as the *λόγος σπερματικός*, or seminal reason, from which every variety of being proceeds and which contains the intellectual germ of everything. The life of the world is represented as a cosmic fire (recalling that imagined by Heraclitus), which, by its dying down and rekindling, is transformed into the various elements. The periodical revival of the divine fire produces a universal conflagration in which all things come to an end, except the divine fire itself: the world is then renewed and lasts till the next conflagration, and so the alternation of life, death and renewal goes on without end.

All things are determined by a strict necessity. But the question of individual free will, in the form which it took in later times, had not then arisen. Thus we have in Stoicism absolute determinism in the world at large

together with at least the possibility of absolutely ineffectual resistance on the part of the individual will. Thus Cleanthes sings, "Lead me, O Zeus, and Fate, whithersoever you have decreed that I shall go. I would follow without fear; but if wickedly I will not, still I must follow."

The ethics of Stoicism, which are generally regarded as its chief feature, were to a great extent determined by its physics. The ideal of Stoicism is the perfectly wise or virtuous man. To reach this ideal one must live "according to nature"—that is, according to the natural reason within oneself. But conduct depends on our rational self-direction in a material world, in which one of the principal features is human society. The ideal wise man will therefore make it his object in life to do good to his neighbours, and at the same time to realize himself in action according to the full measure of the divine reason within him. He will not allow himself to be diverted from his object by any external interference: he will neither be overcome by pain nor seduced by pleasure. For virtue is its own sufficient reward, and pleasure and pain are to be neither sought nor shunned. Men, said Epictetus, should fear none but the God within themselves.

Though Stoicism was on the whole active and not contemplative, and though its morals were what is now called autonomous rather than dependent on authority, there is nevertheless a strain of religious devotion to be observed in the hymn of Cleanthes to Zeus; in the well-known writings of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius there is evident a decided leaning to the contemplative life, and asceticism of a somewhat extreme kind was advocated by Epictetus. The Stoics were the most thoroughgoing of materialists, but could not entirely succeed in making their theory fit the realities of life.

The Stoics undoubtedly represent several strong and constant tendencies in human nature. Metaphysically their point of view has been represented in modern times by the empiricism of Locke and Condillac, and again by the synthetic monism of Spinoza, and by Fichte in his earlier phase of thought. In regard to conduct, where

their chief strength lay, they have much in common with Calvinism and Puritanism.

But their principles are almost exactly reproduced by that scientific school of the present day which professes entire materialism on the one hand, and on the other an altruistic morality which is altogether independent of any transcendental or metaphysical sanctions; which has, in fact, claimed to practise Christian morals while wholly rejecting the Christian Faith. The fundamental principle of this school is identical with that of the Stoics, and is pushed to extremes which Stoicism did not envisage. Matter is everything—by matter being understood the entire realm of nature as experimentally known by us. Thought and feeling are, as Locke tentatively suggested that they might be, functions of matter: the soul does not exist, the functions attributed to it being really performed by the brain. Necessity is absolutely universal; free will is a pure delusion. Even the Stoic notion of alternating decay and renewal by the world-fire is in some sense scientifically represented by the law of entropy, according to which the energy of the world is continually being transformed into heat. Ultimately a condition of thermodynamic equilibrium will be attained, and then the whole story will—or at least may—begin over again.

There are other scientists, however, who are not content simply to take matter for granted—like the ancient Hylicists—as containing in itself all reality, and who perceive that the laws by which the behaviour of material things is governed, and which are partially known to us, are by no means the same thing as the nature of matter itself. Of this, physical science can tell us nothing; nor, it is realized, can science explain to us such facts as consciousness, thought and personality, which are, as it seems, necessary factors in the cosmic whole. Even if it could be admitted that these are merely functions or attributes of matter we should still be in the dark as to what they are. Bergson's "*Évolution Créatrice*" and the doctrine of "emergent evolution," to which fresh attention is now being directed, furnish something more than a suggestion that determinism may not be a law of physical nature, and

still less of mind. The "eternal values" of truth, goodness and beauty are recognized by psychologists as standing in some way outside the limits of time and therefore of matter. Scientific investigation pursued along these lines may no doubt lead eventually to new and entirely valid conceptions of the nature of the external world and of the reality on which it ultimately depends, and the mere fact that such investigation is going forward can hardly fail to remove some of the most serious difficulties in the way of faith.

But in the meantime we have to live, and life without religion is only half a life. Nor can religion be a mere dependant of science, holding its belief, as science must, provisionally and subject to the possible production of contrary evidence. We cannot wait till science has found a way to circumvent the conception of matter which it has erected as a barrier between the known world and the unknown, the temporal and the spiritual. Nor can our need of religion be satisfied by what is commonly called Mysticism, by which is understood the contemplation of an ideal and transcendent universe, surrounding and interpenetrating the one of which we are ordinarily aware, but perceptible only to minds of a certain kind, in certain states of consciousness, and in a somewhat vague and indescribable manner. It is certainly true that there is such a transcendent universe, and that most people are at times conscious of its existence both within and without themselves; that, in fact, they are really parts of it. This, however, is not religion, or even a possible substitute for it. There seems indeed to be a strong probability that this kind of Mysticism is really no more than the abstract contemplation of a part of common experience, separated in thought from the totality to which it naturally belongs. If this is so, then Mysticism as generally understood is the contemplation of form without matter, or, as we are accustomed to say, the abstract without the concrete.

For the connection of matter with form may be expressed somewhat in this way. Things are known (as St. Thomas says) by their forms—that is, they become intelligible through their intelligible part. But our knowledge of

things, in this world, depends on their having a part which can make no appeal to knowledge or understanding, but is merely the condition of their existence. All our knowledge comes to us by way of the senses—that is, through matter. But knowledge and understanding are functions of the mind—our substantial form: the senses provide merely the raw material of thought by means of the matter which is part of ourselves. The senses of themselves tell us nothing: our sensations have no meaning for us until the intellect has got to work upon them and classified and registered them. As everyone knows, we have many sensations of which we are for a time unconscious: for some reason or other the mind pays no attention to them, and for so long we fail to “notice” them; they may eventually rise into consciousness, or they may be altogether unrealized and unheeded. But when once we have consciously registered and classified the sensation, it is no longer a mere sensation, but an idea, which without any further aid from sensation we can recall and consider in any way we like. Thus we get “universals” or general ideas from particular sense-experiences, and such ideas or mental concepts are the immediate subject-matter of thought. By selecting, combining and comparing them we obtain concepts which far transcend any actual experience, and which are, in fact, the Platonic ideas, conceived not in the Platonic manner as the absolute reality underlying all transient appearance, but as embodied in, or symbolized by, the ordinary experiences of life, and as representing permanent and absolute values, independent of space and time. In this way it is possible to conceive a world of absolute truth, beauty and goodness, beyond the realm of sense-experience, which nevertheless has sense-experience for its foundation. Matter, in the Thomist view, is the principle of individual or numerical distinction; and by thinking matter away we transcend individual being and contemplate universals alone.

Moreover, matter as understood by Catholic philosophy is not in any way opposed to the notion of such a supra-material or supra-sensible world. It may even be thought necessarily to imply something of the kind. For, in this

view, as we have seen, the nature of material things is determined by their form: they are known, not as "possibilities of sensation," but as the objects of intelligence and thought. They are all, in fact, ideas: their material part is nothing more than the condition under which alone they can become known to beings constituted as we are. Thus "matter" in the scientific sense (which is also the popular sense) of an "entelechy," or *materia secunda*, is the totality of the archetypal Ideas eternally existing in the mind of the Creator, and made known to us through the medium of *materia prima*, or the Aristotelian $\psi\lambda\eta$.

This principle has many applications. Take the brain, which some scientists tell us, with Hippocrates, is the organ of thought, feeling and volition. Even if it does not "secrete thought" as it has been said to do, it is still, we are told, in some as yet unexplained way the organ of thought. It is, in fact, the material soul of Stoicism. Certainly there is a good deal in our normal experience of mental effort that naturally suggests the association of such effort with the brain, though the thinking organ has also been supposed to be the heart or the blood; and if we were confronted with the brain and thought simply as ultimate facts, not open to analysis or explanation, we could hardly avoid the conclusion that somehow or other the brain thinks. But the brain, like everything else, is a compound of matter and form. What then, in the Aristotelian-Scholastic view, is the form of the brain? It is not merely or primarily that which constitutes a brain as an independent entity (the "accidental" form), and which would still persist for a time if the brain were removed from its place in the organism. It is the nature which belongs to brain *as such*. But the brain is truly a brain only when occupying its place and discharging its function in the body: and then its "substantial" form is the form of the whole body—that is, the rational soul. The brain, like every other organ, has its own part to play in the life of the body: it is the controller of the organs of sense which gather the experiences which become the subject-matter of thought. The brain's activity in this respect is clearly traceable: its part in the accumula-

tion of sense-experience is sufficiently well known. But the production of thought cannot be traced by any external means: it is directly known only to the consciousness which accompanies it, and which is itself open only to indirect and inferential tests. Therefore it is clear that, apart from the brain's control of the bodily organs as a necessary condition, thought must be attributed to the invisible cause of the organic unity of the body—that is, to its form, which is the soul; not indeed as independent of the body which it animates, but as the principle on which all the functions, whether bodily or mental, ultimately depend. The soul or form, it must be remembered, is not something added to the body, which the body may conceivably be able to do without, but is the essential condition of the body's very existence: it "assembles" the different parts, and keeps them together as a unit, and is the vital principle on which their organic action depends. Thought thus appears as a function of the whole being, in which in some degree every part has a share, just as sensation and nutrition are functions of the whole; but its functioning and its existence as a whole are due to its form. Body and soul are not really *pulvis et umbra*, but two things that so long as either of them exists are indissolubly one. The brain is the organ of thought as much or as little as the leg is the organ of running: you cannot run without a leg or think without a brain, but what both thinks and runs is really the man. It is true that the rational soul in virtue of its rationality can and will exist apart from the material body. But while they are united in this life, their mutual relation is the same as that of any other compound of matter and form.

Take, again, the question of free will. It is somewhat curious that the fact of free will has nearly always been treated in argument as if it were identical with its method of working—as if, in fact, we could not believe the will to be free unless we could see how it came to be so, and how its freedom is exhibited. But if all our mental powers were dealt with in this way, it is obvious that enquiry into their nature would be stifled at the outset. The laws of thought, however, have been and are very variously con-

ceived; but the fact that we think has not been questioned. It is a fact made known to us by intuition, and is itself primary; we cannot get behind it. In the same way we have a direct perception of the act of will, and a direct consciousness of the presence or absence of compulsion. We are no more able to doubt our freedom in the act of willing than we are to doubt the fact of sensation in the moment of experiencing it: we may be mistaken as to the cause of a sensation, but we cannot be so as to the fact. Our intuition of our free will is of precisely the same kind. Why or how we came to be free is a question which may no doubt be answered in various ways: the fact that in the act of willing, at any rate, we know ourselves to be free is really never in doubt. Even if, on reflection, we are determinists, we really think and act on the presupposition that we do so freely. As Bishop Butler said, even if the will were not free, we should have to behave as if it were.

All our mental processes are objects of knowledge, and our knowledge of them must be more immediate than of anything else. Our own minds, whatever we may suppose the mind to be, are known to us merely by their action, and that is direct knowledge, not mediated by sensation or preconceived ideas: it is as direct and immediate as the fact of sensation; we can therefore be as sure that we will freely as that we experience a sensation of any kind, or that, whatever our thoughts may be worth, we do, in fact, think. In other words, mind and body, being matter and form, are one; and as we are conscious of external things in their twofold relation to ourselves, so we are conscious also of ourselves in the same twofold aspect. We are self-conscious in the same way in which we are conscious of what is not ourselves.

Scientific determinists have for a very long time insisted on the unreasonableness of supposing that in a world where all things are strictly subject to law, we are ourselves the solitary exception; and even that the notion of free will is in itself an impossible one. "It is as impertinent to enquire whether a man's will be free, as to enquire whether his sleep be swift or his virtue square." But the latest

word of science assures us that determinism can no longer be called a scientific doctrine: even if it is not demonstrated that the will is free, there is no reason at all why it should not be so. The new quantum theory, Professor Eddington tells us in his recent book, has entirely altered the scientific outlook in this respect. "Science," he says, "withdraws its moral opposition to free will. Those who maintain a deterministic theory of mental activity must do so *as the outcome of their study of the mind itself*, and not with the idea that they are thereby making it more conformable with our experimental knowledge of the laws of inorganic nature." But this is what Catholic philosophy, from its own point of view, has always said.

We have seen that the state of mind commonly described as Mysticism is really no more than a generalization from past experience of various kinds. It is not necessarily religious, or in any way specially connected with religion: it enters more or less, according to temperament, into the thoughts, imaginations and motives of most people, if not of everyone. It has a certain value as investing the ordinary events of life with a kind of interest and importance which they could not otherwise possess. But religion is essentially a system of conduct directed to the definite end of rendering to God the reverence and obedience which are His due. A mere mental or emotional attitude towards the external world cannot therefore be either identical with religion or a basis for it. It may help towards it by supplying something of the emotional impulse necessary for action of any kind. But religion can begin only with the recognition of the objective to which it is to be directed.

It is quite otherwise with the Mysticism recognized and approved by the Catholic Church, which is more correctly and precisely called Mystical Theology or supernatural contemplation. This is not indeed identical with religion, but presupposes religion and is its highest and most distinctive product. It is concerned entirely with God, and consists in the consciousness of the immediate presence of God by a kind of spiritual perception which, though it is entirely distinct from sense-knowledge, is nevertheless as

direct and immediate as sensation. This kind of contemplation is not the result of any process of thought, or any exertion of the natural powers. It is a supernatural gift, bestowed by God as He sees fit: the soul's part is merely receptive. St. Thomas calls it Rapture—that is, a state in which the soul no longer exercises its natural activity, but is carried away (*rapitur*) from the conditions of ordinary life by supernatural power. St. Thomas attributes it to a union between God and the soul in which, as he says, God becomes as form to the soul as matter, so that the soul perceives God in the same act in which it is conscious of itself. Nevertheless matter (in the Scholastic sense) is not in any way involved in the process. St. Paul, in describing his own spiritual experience, says that he knew not whether it was in the body or out of the body—or, in other words, that it was a purely spiritual experience unconnected with any conscious sensation.

Here then we have, in a unique case, matter and form clearly distinguished, not indeed by actual separation, but by manifest diversity of function. On the one side, we have the soul, which is the form of the rational animal, man, lifted out of its ordinary conditions, and with its natural function of interpreting or rationalizing sensations for the time being suspended, while it undergoes an experience altogether beyond its present scope in nature. On the other side, the bodily life goes on, no doubt with such detailed modifications as result from intense mental concentration of any kind, but quite continuously: the bodily functions which constitute life are not intermitted, nor are the factors of the bodily structure in any way altered. The matter of the body is still what it is made by the principle of its actual existence—the soul, or form of the body—even while it is associated with a proceeding in which it can have no direct part. This, no doubt, is what happens in any exercise of pure thought: but the state of mystical contemplation, in its higher and what may perhaps be called its more intense phases, seems to furnish an especially clear illustration of what matter and form mean in the complex existence of a human being.

The Scholastic doctrine of matter and form is thus, as these typical instances seem to show, of universal application: treated as an hypothesis, it is verified by the explanation it affords, so far as it goes, of all the facts.

Matter, in the sense in which it is generally understood—*i.e.*, as the Aristotelian “entelechy” of matter and form—as we have seen, is merely the twofold nature of all things of which we have any direct knowledge: it is both sensible and intelligible, and its sensibility and intelligibility are alike due to its presence in the intelligent subject which knows them and thereby knows also itself.

The great Neoplatonist, Plotinus, said of the Stoics that they took for the foundation of their world-system something which had only a hypothetical existence (*τὸ μὴ ὄν*), and which they had themselves constructed out of their entirely transient and elusive sensations. This criticism is effective and just as applied to the Stoic theory of matter, and, of course, to the same theory as held by a school, or section of a school, of present-day scientists. But it leaves out of consideration the appeal of material things, not merely to the senses, but through them to thought. If matter so understood is a hypothetical entity, the hypothesis is, at any rate, one that we are necessitated to make, and if it could be shown to be delusive, then thought would be impossible, and the book of nature, which we seem able to read and to some extent to understand, would be no more than printer's pie.

What the “stuff” of matter, if it has any, may be we do not yet know, and probably never may know. But, at any rate, it cannot be the final and impenetrable barrier to thought and knowledge that many have supposed it to be, but is rather a true though partial manifestation of the reality that lies beyond it. It is not science, or philosophy, or even mysticism that holds the key to that ultimate reality, but only divine revelation; and only faith knows the short way to what Sir J. G. Frazer has called the “world of light eternal, where the obstinate questionings of the mind will be answered, and the heart find rest.”

A. B. SHARPE.

ART. 6.—THE LITERARY USE OF DIALECT
AS AN AID TO REALISM

WE are often reminded that realism in literature is a modern growth, but it is rather strange that one of the most striking illustrations should have been, apparently, entirely overlooked.

If we read a modern novel or play in which uneducated characters are introduced, we expect to find that some attempt will be made to put into their mouths an appropriate dialect. Such literary attempts at dialect are mostly crude and vague, the reason being partly that the authors rarely know the dialect accurately enough, partly that a perfect reproduction would be not only most difficult to read, but also often unintelligible. No modern dialect writing that I have been able to test has ever been a true representation of any dialect actually spoken, even when generally praised for fidelity. I imagine the same would generally apply to the cases which I am unable to test from personal knowledge. Yet it is most remarkable that even the attempt to reproduce dialect did not become general till the nineteenth century. Shakespeare may be thought to have carried vivid realism to its extreme limit, but he stopped short of the use of dialect. However, it will be best first to try to distinguish as clearly as possible the different uses of the word "dialect"—by no means an easy task.

In ordinary parlance dialect is now opposed to some standard speech. This was not always the case. The name itself is Greek, and originally meant a division of the main language. Doric was not regarded as inferior to Attic, although eventually Attic won the upper hand for most (but not all) purposes. If you lived at Corinth, Sparta or Syracuse, you naturally spoke Doric: if you lived at Thebes or Lesbos, you spoke Æolic. Attic was properly the speech of Athens, and originally only a variety of Ionic. As Attic became the normal speech of the Greek world, it lost its finer shades and was affected by other dialects, getting the name of the "common dialect,"

κοινή. But the true Attic was more essentially the ordinary speech of Athens and its neighbourhood than even French was at any time the speech of Paris, although it has been stated that the late Gaston Paris was the only member of the French Academy who spoke perfect Parisian French—which reminds us of the story of Theophrastus, who, after living and teaching at Athens from his youth upwards and becoming the foremost literary man of his time, was detected by his speech as a foreigner by an old Athenian market-woman.

The best forms of speech are those which are most racy and idiomatic. If English rejects the contribution of the dialects, it will be the poorer for it; a typical dialect word which has enriched the language is "week-end," which was introduced from Lancashire about the '80's. As any dialect becomes pre-eminent, it tends to become standardized. Thus it comes about that book English is as a rule much less racy than spoken English, and spoken English, except on the lips of the highly cultured, less racy than dialects. Dialects of course vary, and possibly highly rustic dialects may be too simple in structure and vocabulary to have artistic possibilities. But it is a great mistake to suppose that dialect is *easier* than standard speech. I am thinking chiefly of the numerous Lancashire and Yorkshire dialects, which are subject to the most minute and subtle rules—rules never formulated, but never broken. The difficulty lies not so much in what you may say as in what you may not; but the whole is instinctive, and dialect speakers would be hard put to it to explain their instincts. This state of affairs is, however, rapidly disappearing with the spread of primary education.

In ancient Italy circumstances were rather different. Italic dialects were many, falling into two main groups. Here Latin came to occupy the position occupied in Greece by Attic, but its predominance was political rather than literary, and the dialects were deliberately cultivated from patriotic motives, like Welsh and Irish in our own day.

We thus have three types of dialect, represented by Greek, Italic, and modern English. In each case all

dialects start equal, but some one gains precedence from political, literary, or social reasons, while the others sink into different degrees of subordination. As in English, ancient Greek and Italic, the East Midland, Attic and Latin gradually ousted their rivals, so in Spanish, Castilian (except in Portugal), in France the dialect of the Ile de France (eventually of Paris), and in Germany the form of High German used by Luther in his Bible, came to the fore: here the influences, though very mixed, were perhaps predominantly political, social, and religious respectively.

The fates of conquered dialects vary. In England the dialects are apparently beaten quite off the field. In France they are degraded to the position of *patois*, but are still vigorous, and in the case of the Occitanian dialects (the *langue d'Oc*) used for literary purposes. In Germany they are in possession of quite a considerable literature—especially the Swiss and Platt Deutsch.

But there is another variety of speech which can hardly be regarded as dialect, and has in fact no recognized name at all. We may call these varieties corruptions; the best example is the Cockney "dialect." I refuse to classify it as a dialect because it has no ancestry to speak of. Unlike the chief provincial dialects, it does not seem to derive from any of the recognized old English dialects, but simply represents the corruption of the language introduced by the nondescript elements which compose the lower classes of a large city. Similar forms are growing up in other large cities; the speech of Manchester, Birmingham, and Leicester is not that of Lancashire, Warwickshire, and Leicestershire, but an unlovely jargon of heterogeneous elements in a constant state of flux. And so it is that the Cockney of Sam Weller has disappeared from the London of to-day.

Finally, there is what we can only call bad English; and this is what the ordinary writer usually gives us in place of dialect. I mean the kind of English represented by such phrases as "I ain't never seed 'im," etc. This would seem to be a *lingua franca* unassociated with any particular locality, but largely dialectical in origin. We

may now examine how these various types of dialect are represented in literature.

The use of dialect in Greek is twofold. Owing to literary conservatism the Greeks generally retained for any literary genre the dialect first associated with it—modified Ionic for epic and elegiac poetry, medicine (and originally history and most prose); Doric for choral lyric and, later, pastoral; Æolic for personal lyric. The only important genre originally associated with Attic was drama, but later Attic absorbed practically all prose. Hence in tragedy we get the curious phenomenon of the main body of the play being written in (poetical) Attic, and the choral (lyrical) part in the traditional Doric, though highly conventionalized. The other use of dialect is confined to comedy, where Dorian and Æolian characters always speak their proper dialect, and, as far as we are able to judge, with remarkable accuracy. Not only so, but we find Persians (and Scythian policemen) speaking pidgin Greek—and once even real Persian—while the Triballian god in the *Birds* speaks what purports to be Triballian, and is certainly no kind of Greek. A still more remarkable case is a mime found in an Egyptian papyrus of the second century A.D.—a parody of the *Iphigenia in Tauris*. Here the barbarian speaks what was at first thought to be mere gibberish, but has since been recognized as a form of Canarese, as spoken in South-West India—a striking testimony to the commercial enterprise of the ancient world. Such a passion for accuracy in the lightest of farce makes it likely that what we have in the *Birds* is real Triballian.

Yet it is strange that such realism should have been carried no further. I think I am right in saying that the only other fragment of dialect quoted in classical Greek is the dispatch of a Lacedæmonian admiral—one line—quoted by Xenophon as an example of laconism. Still more strange is it that even in the accurate realism of comedy there is not a scrap of really *bad* Greek, such as we should expect from an uneducated person, like the bad English of our own plays. Every Athenian in Greek comedy speaks perfect Attic, even down to the slaves. In view of the accuracy of Aristophanes in linguistic matters, one can only conclude

that, Attic being the local dialect of the town of Athens, there *was* no downright bad Attic in his day, just as a generation or two ago I suppose there was no bad Lancashire or Yorkshire. It is only when people get self-conscious about their language that they begin to speak badly. It is hardly too much to say that nowadays nobody at all speaks or writes perfect English, except a few uneducated peasants who never attempt to speak any differently from their parents and grandparents; everybody else, instead of speaking good dialect, speaks a more or less bad artificially standardized English. The nearest to a good standard English is perhaps the ordinary colloquial English of the cultured upper classes, because it is to a large extent hereditary and associated with a definite and fairly stable society, and least corrupted by the literary affectations of the merely educated. On the whole it is the most direct lineal descendant of the South-Eastern English of Shakespeare's time, itself the purest representative of the English made standard by Chaucer.

Not only is there no bad Greek extant in the classical period, but (subject to contradiction by experts) I should say that we know of no bad Greek. The nearest I know to *vulgarity* in Greek is the variety of Ionic written by Hipponax in the sixth century B.C. (now extant only in fragments), who was noted for his coarse and brutal realism. We are informed by ancient Lexicographers of various low expressions used by him, and when in the third century B.C. Herondas wrote his mimes, perhaps the only absolutely realistic pictures extant in Greek of the life of the lower classes, he chose Hipponax as his model in language and metre—not because the language was actually spoken by the society he portrays, but because Hipponax had made it the accepted model of this, the lowest genre of all Greek literature. Yet this cannot, I think, be described as *bad* Greek; it is coarse and slangy, but grammatically (and phonetically) it is perfect Ionic of the period.

It is true that Socrates in the *Clouds* ridicules old Strepsiades for his rustic pronunciation of *ai*, but so far is this from being a vulgarity that it is Socrates who is really

ridiculed by Aristophanes for a mincing and ultra-refined pronunciation (like Catullus' Arrius, who used his *h's* wrongly—not as is often supposed, from ignorance, but in obedience to a fashionable affectation).^{*} The nearest I can think of to really bad Greek is the mispronunciation of ὀλίγος as ὀλίος, for which, towards the end of the fifth century B.C., Plato, the comic poet, ridicules the vulgar demagogue Hyperbolus (who may not have been of pure Athenian birth). As this omission of *γ* recurs centuries later in the more illiterate papyri, it looks as if it may really have been a vulgarism in the time of Hyperbolus. It is noteworthy that his predecessor Cleon, in spite of his vulgarity, is never satirized for bad Attic.

At the time to which our papyri belong (the third century B.C. and onwards), the "common dialect," as I have said, had become a *lingua franca* for the whole Eastern Mediterranean. The question arises whether it was *bad* Greek. It is, I think, admittedly inferior in fineness and accuracy to classical Greek, but it was the living language of the time, and a stage in the natural development of the language which has gone on right down to modern times. I think we must distinguish. There was probably a higher and lower level of the "common dialect," the former the colloquial language of all Greeks, except perhaps pedantic purists, the latter the corrupt Greek spoken by half-Hellenized foreigners. The first is hardly *bad* Greek at all—at any rate it was the only really living form of the language; the second is simply the imperfect attempt of foreigners to speak *good* Greek. When I speak of bad English I mean the ordinary language of those who do not try to speak good English at all; people who say "I ain't" usually know well enough that they should say "I haven't" or "am not." The author of *Revelations* wrote very bad Greek, but it was the best he could.

I assume that there was an ordinary plain spoken Greek, hardly represented in literature, for the Greek Bible was

^{*} For the distinction between effeminate over-refinement of pronunciation and boorish rusticity see Aristophanes, *Frag. Inc.* 78 (cf. Ephippus 233). Athenians might lose their purity of speech by long absence, Xenophon for instance; cf. Solon. *Frag.* 36.

mostly written by foreigners (St. Luke is a notable exception, but he has a distinct literary flavour). Perhaps Paul comes nearest to plain Greek, but not only was he a foreigner, but his personality was too strong for him to write a normal Greek at all. The innumerable papyri discovered in the last fifty years or so will probably provide us eventually with the grammar and vocabulary of this average Greek, but as they emanate from writers of every degree of education and uneducation, careful sifting will be necessary. Our difficulty is that the ordinary spoken Greek was carefully suppressed in literature till about A.D. 1000, after which date its history is unbroken till modern times, though even now nobody seems able to decide what *is* plain average Greek. Before A.D. 1000 its history is a blank, gradually to be filled up from our study of papyri. The essential thing to remember—what distinguishes post-classical Greek from any modern literature—is its extreme artificiality. It was a deliberate and pedantic imitation of a form of speech which had been dead for centuries. The language of Lucian and Libanius was almost as much a dead language to them as to us.

I have dwelt rather a long time on Greek. But the problem appears here in a particularly definite form, and the evidence is not too scattered. We have learnt the interesting fact that though the Greeks were not afraid of realism in the use of dialect, there is not a trace in Greek literature of the use of *bad* Greek in this connection. Even when there grew to be a great gap between written and spoken Greek, no writer seems to have thought of using the spoken language as a means of characterization.

When we turn to Latin the circumstances are similar. In the comedies of Plautus a foreigner speaks what seems perfectly good Punic; but all the other characters (and there are no less than twenty plays extant) speak perfect colloquial Latin. Slaves (as in Greek) speak as perfectly as their masters: no scholar has ever succeeded in distinguishing the slightest variation. Are we to conclude that this is the result of imperfect characterization, or that varieties of Latin (that is urban Latin) did not exist in Plautus' day? Probably the latter is the sounder view,

for we have an interesting piece of evidence that Plautus did try to reproduce varieties of speech—I mean the fact that the practice of using Greek expressions (as we sometimes use French) is confined to slaves, the *demi-monde*, and smart young men. It is never found on the lips of the staid and respectable. Fifty years later its use in Lucilius shows that it had already penetrated to all classes. It is true that Plautus, like his contemporaries, ridicules the semi-provincial Prænestine Latin; but this was merely in passing, to raise a laugh—odd words with formulæ like “as the Prænestines say.” Nowhere is the Prænestine dialect used as an aid to characterization.*

Latin from this time rapidly changed: the literary form diverged ever more and more from the spoken, which in turn divided itself into “Vulgar” and colloquial Latin (*sermo plebeius* and *cotidianus*). When Cicero writes to intimate friends he uses many expressions which we should otherwise have considered archaic, and he himself tells us that Latin in his day was in a state of decadence, only surviving in a pure form in the speech of ladies of the old nobility. As new fashions of speech gained favour, much of what had been elegant in the second century B.C. was relegated to Vulgar Latin (the speech of the common people) and disappeared from literature; for with certain exceptions Latin literature, no less than Greek, ignored the ordinary speech of the day. The exceptions were satire, which made considerable use of colloquial Latin, and the prose *satura*, which seems to have carried its realism further than anything in Greek literature, as in the only extant specimen of any length, the novel of Petronius. Here we at last find what we are in search of—the use of the Vulgar Latin of the time as a means of characterization. The phenomenon is unique in ancient literature. The narrator and his circle use ordinary colloquial Latin, but the circle of the vulgar parvenu, Trimalchio, speak a Latin which is marked by precisely the errors of grammar which mark bad English—or the schoolboy’s Latin exercise. Translators usually translate it by English slang, but it is

* There was a rustic pronunciation (e.g., *o* for *au*), often referred to by Varro, and occasionally reflected in the *Atellana*, the drama of provincial life. Compare Cicero, *De Or.* 3. 42-46, a most interesting passage.

worse than that : it contains slang, it contains archaisms ; but the really interesting thing is that the grammatical structure of the language is falling to pieces. The fact is that as Latin became the language of enormous numbers of people to most of whom it was a foreign tongue, or at least a strange dialect, the original substratum of old colloquial Latin became overlaid with extraneous elements, and it lost its original purity, at the same time becoming increasingly simplified in structure. We know that as the process of decay went on, Latin was gradually transformed into what we call the Romance languages, but it is three centuries before we get any similar literary record. We need not fear such a fate for English owing to the tremendous influence of the Press ; English will become debased—it is getting increasingly difficult to write and speak pure straightforward English—but it will hardly become totally disintegrated, and by present standards ungrammatical. Before leaving ancient literature, we may note in passing the curious convention of Sanskrit drama, by which Sanskrit (no longer spoken) was confined to noble characters, while women and men of humbler station spoke the vernacular Prakrit. It is just possible that this remarkable mixture of dialects may have been suggested by the mixture of Attic and Doric in Greek tragedy, for we know that India was profoundly influenced by Greece in the time of Alexander's successors—when Greek tragedies were represented in the Far East. At all events, although we have here a species of characterization by language, it could hardly have corresponded to any actual circumstances, and so is not really what we are in search of.

Coming to modern languages we find everywhere conditions similar to those in England ; owing to various circumstances a single dialect gains favour, and gradually becomes accepted as the standard, generally assimilating much of the best in its former rivals. In the case of Italian this is vividly brought home to us by Dante's *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, where Dante expounds his theory of the supremacy of an improved Florentine dialect for literary purposes. This theory he puts into practice in

his own poetry, but it was not till his example was reinforced by the genius of Boccaccio and Petrarch that Florentine (Tuscan) won the final victory. In other countries the results were the same, although the process was not so deliberate.

There was then a fine field for the use of dialect as an aid to characterization. Yet, so far as I am aware, it was never exploited. Writers sometimes wrote in dialects other than their own, notably in French, where a poet might expect a wider public and more illustrious patronage by using the dialect of the Ile de France. But nowhere does any writer of the later Middle Ages introduce a character speaking a dialect different from that of the body of the work. This may have been partly due to the influence of classical literature, where the rule was that any documents, speeches, or other matter which might affect the homogeneity of the whole, was either excluded or recast. The only exception I can find is in the greatest of mediæval realists, Chaucer. In the Reeve's Tale we find the Yorkshire students unmistakably using Northern English, and that too in a form which has been recognized as an early form of the Yorkshire dialect. (Personally I should doubt this: it seems to me more like Lowland Scots.) But this is quite exceptional, even in Chaucer.

In Renaissance times the same avoidance of dialect is maintained. Even Rabelais very rarely introduces it, although he does not hesitate to introduce latinized French (ending up in Limousin!) and the famous polyglot discourse of Panurge—just as Villon had a century before written poems in Parisian thieves' *argot*, a mere *tour de force*. It is not till the rise of realistic comedy that we see any change. The case of Shakespeare is peculiar and instructive: he makes a Welshman speak the type of English still associated with the Welsh; he introduces broken English into the courtship scene of *Henry V.*—but still only to raise a laugh: in the *Tempest* the sailors' speech is full of technical nautical terms. In a word, Shakespeare would seem to have gone to any length to secure realism, short of just the one thing we are looking for. When a countryman or other character of humble

rank appears, he certainly shows his condition by his speech, but not by dialect, much less by bad English. For instance, Falstaff's friends, high and low, all speak admirable colloquial English. It is racy, often homely, smacking of the people, but it is as good English as was ever spoken or written. The only exceptions to this generalization are a few malpropisms in the early plays, the rustic (Kentish?) speech of the *disguised* Edgar in *King Lear*—note that the scene is in Kent—and possibly a few remarks of the fool in the same play (*e.g.*, the use of *it* in the possessive—"it had it head bit off by it young," but this was hardly old-fashioned in Shakespeare's time).*

The same applies to nearly all Elizabethan drama. No doubt there are exceptions, but they must be very few. Ben Jonson's plays show some interesting features; for the most part he conforms to tradition, but in the *Sad Shepherd* he introduces Scottish, in *Bartholomew Fair* Scottish, West Country dialect, and English spoken by a Welshman. In the *Tale of a Tub* he seems to have gone out of his way to experiment with dialect, which he introduces in quite a modern way. This is, I think, partly due to his intense love of realism and minute study of details, and partly to his love of scholarship and interest in the English language—did he not write an English Grammar, full of sound sense and observation? In the *Sad Shepherd* he may have felt, as was commonly felt in the eighteenth century, especially after Alan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*, that the Scottish dialect was appropriate to a pastoral subject, and represents a kind of British Doric. If this is the case, so far from it being a species of realism, it is almost pedantically artificial.†

In France, in the meantime, steps were being taken towards a greater realism. Cyrano de Bergerac in the

* I am convinced that Professor Zachrisson, of Upsala, is right in his work on Shakespearean pronunciation in maintaining that there was no great cleavage between vulgar and standard English in Tudor times, and that the division does not go much further back than the middle of the eighteenth century.

† I. Disraeli states, "I do not know on what authority, that Jonson consulted Lacy, the Yorkshire comedian, on the dialect of the *Sad Shepherd*" (*Amenities of Literature*, art. *Dialects*). Jonson's precept and practice deserve examination; see *Conversations with Drummond*, xviii.

Pédant Joué seems to have been the first to make dramatic use of peasant's dialect. His example was followed by Molière, not only in the use of peasant's dialect—e.g., in the *Festin de Pierre* (Charlotte and Pierrot—the names suggest a certain lack of individual character), but by Languedocian, and Picard dialect and Swiss and Flemish French in *M. de Pourceaugnac*. Perhaps the nearest to the modern stage usage is the maid's French in *Les Précieuses Ridicules* (Marotte) and the *Femmes Savantes* (Martine). But considering the large number of Molière's plays, the amount of bad French, whether dialectical or colloquial, is extremely small; the servants generally speak as good French as their masters. If a character speaks Parisian French at all, he speaks it as perfectly as Molière knew how to write it. Ridiculous as is M. Jourdain, his French is as good as that of any of the smart set into which he intrudes; so too the Sganarelles and other ridiculous characters all speak perfectly pure, grammatical, and idiomatic French. At the same time the usage was spreading to non-dramatic literature; for instance, rustic French is sparingly used by La Fontaine in his Fables.

The fact seems to be that while the growth of an aristocratic society, centred in the court and Parisian salons, effected a final severance of urbanity and provincialism, the speech of urban society, being purely Parisian, was shared by educated and uneducated alike. It was shortly before this time that Malherbe, the thoroughgoing modernist and initiator of the classical school, had uttered his famous dictum that the standard of pure French was to be found in the speech of the *portefaix* of the Port au Foin. Similarly that pedant and purist, the grammarian Vaugelas, consciously or unconsciously echoing Plato and Cicero,* stated that for pure uncorrupted speech we must go to the language of ladies of good breeding (but probably very little education). The purity of a local urban form of speech, before it is exposed to the corruption which a more

* *Cratylus* 418B, *De Oratore* 3. 45. So in Turkish the language of the women (and peasants) is said to be purer than that of the men, which is corrupted by Persian and Arabic. Cf. Fitzmaurice Kelly on St. Teresa: "Her vocabulary, varied, supple, *archaic*, is the model of the speech of the best society in Old Castile."

complex culture brings in its train, was long ago noted by no less a critic than Cicero. Speaking of the purity of the Latin of the Scipionic circle, as opposed to that of Pacuvius (a Campanian) and Cæcilius (an Insubrian Gaul), he remarks that it was characteristic of the time. "At that time," he continues, "practically all who had neither resided outside the city nor been corrupted by 'domestic barbarism' spoke correctly. But in Rome, as in Greece, this purity was impaired in the course of time."

I am not competent to speak of Spanish, but I cannot hear of any dialect in the classical Spanish drama. It is significant that Sancho Panza is characterized by every mark of rusticity except rustic dialect.

Returning to English, in Restoration comedy we find that as a rule all the characters speak equally good English; the chief attempt at characterization is the stage Irishman introduced about this time, a wild sort of person (usually called Teague) who speaks an English of his own; the first example is perhaps in Howard's "The Committee."* There are a few odd cases, like Mrs. Pinchwife in the "Country Wife," who speaks a slightly countrified English, but beyond this, as far as I know, the use of dialect did not go, until the arrival of the English novel and the revival of realism, when Fielding and Smollett exploited this field. The speech of people like Joey in *Roderick Random* and Squire Western in *Tom Jones* offers perhaps the first case in English literature of careful dialect writing based on observation, and is only one side of a determined attempt to enlist all the vagaries of language in the service of humorous characterization. Instances are the use by Smollett of nautical language, and, in Humphrey Clinker, of misspelling: but I do not think the bad spelling of Winifred Jenkins as a rule reflects an incorrect pronunciation.

We may now end our survey. From the time of Fielding every writer who has pretended to realism has felt bound to make the speech of his characters correspond to their station in life, but not till the nineteenth century do we find English which is simply incorrect. Indeed, in

* Said to be modelled on Howard's own servant.

the 2,500 years we have surveyed the most remarkable fact which has emerged is that apart from Petronius there is not a scrap of bad Greek, Latin, French, English, or any other language presented in literature. The reason for this can hardly be avoidance of realism ; it may be so in certain cases, particularly in the later literatures of Greece and Rome, which became more and more stereotyped imitations of the classical style, entirely divorced from the living language of the time ; but in the great majority of cases the homeliness and raciness of the language employed would show it to have been closely modelled on the conversational usage of the time, even if we did not know this from other sources. The true reason, I think, is that in the golden ages of literature the language of literature has borne a closer relation to the language of ordinary speech than in the silver ages, when it tends to be artificial, self-conscious, and bookish. Writers used substantially the same language as ordinary people, the naturally developed speech of their own locality. Attic was the natural speech of Athens and neighbourhood, Latin of Rome, French of Paris, English of London, and so on.

While speech is thus local we find a multiplicity of dialects. When one dialect gains predominance, the others come to be thought rustic, and appear in the dominant literature, given favourable circumstances, as an aid to characterization—but more often only to raise a laugh. “English”—that is, the old East Midland dialect—from the beginning was spoken over a wider area than dialects usually are (which is no doubt one reason for its eventual predominance) ; people outside this area neither spoke nor (originally) wrote it, but gradually their dialects became dialects in the modern sense. Not only so, but as the standard English gradually converged more and more on London and court circles, while ever continuing to develop, the rustic variety of East Midland itself became archaic and dialectical, and split up into local varieties, themselves eventually emerging as separate dialects. In Shakespeare’s time, and probably later, in London itself there was probably little, if any, essential

difference of speech between high and low, and this is why there is not the faintest trace of any such difference in literature.

As the cleavage between high and low, educated and uneducated grew wider, so there grew an increasing gap between elegant and inelegant speech. Mere fashion had much to do with it, as readers of Addison and Swift will know. Innovations ridiculed by Addison are now part of our standard speech; what was the height of fashion in Swift's time was ridiculously low or old-fashioned a hundred years later. I can state with confidence that very many of the fashionable *clichés* given in Swift's *Hints on Genteel Conversation* have been in use among the people for the last hundred years in the North of England; phrases in the diary of Fanny Burney, a lady-in-waiting and daughter of an eminent literary man, survive as rank Americanisms. The first blow came with the growth of modern city life. Hitherto language had developed naturally in a comparatively simple, stable, and homogeneous society. But now the heterogeneous elements which composed the new society brought their contributions to the language. The result was the same as it had been in ancient Greece and Rome. The language lost its finer shades and, instead of natural development, was subjected to a process of what can only be called corruption.

Meanwhile the proportion of city to country dwellers tends continually to increase, while any chance there was of a new form of language naturally adapting itself to environment, becomes increasingly remote as a larger proportion of the population than ever before is caught in the machinery of an educational system which, whatever its merits, certainly tends to nip in the bud any tendency to originality, homeliness, or raciness of expression. This applies chiefly to the lower classes. Perhaps it is still worse with the upper, who have quite lost any intimate contact with them—to the detriment of both, though in the matter of language the upper classes are the losers, for the speech of the masses is always more deeply rooted in the soil.

W. B. SEDGWICK.

ART. 7.—THE NEW LEVIATHAN

1. ROMIER, L. : *Who will be Master: Europe or America?* Translated by M. Josephson. London : John Hamilton, Ltd. 246 pp.
2. RUGGIERO, G. DE. *The History of European Liberalism.* Translated by R. G. Collingwood. Oxford University Press, 1927. 476 pp.
3. BARNES, J. S. *The Universal Aspects of Fascism.* London : Williams and Norgate, 1928. 247 pp.
4. *A Survey of Fascism: the Year Book of the International Centre of Fascist Studies.* Volume I. London : Ernest Benn, 1928. 241 pp.
5. LION, Aline. *The Pedigree of Fascism.* London : Sheed and Ward. 236 pp.

THE great fact of the twentieth century is the definite emergence of a new type of civilization different from anything that the world has known hitherto. All through the nineteenth century the new forces which were to transform human life were already at work, but their real tendency was to a great extent veiled by current modes of thought and preconceived ideas which had their origin in political and philosophical doctrines. The mind of the nineteenth century was dominated by the ideals of Nationalism and Liberalism, and the actual process of social and economic change was interpreted in terms of these doctrines. In reality, however, the forces that were at work were only partially amenable to such theories; in many respects they were actually moving in a contrary direction.

Thus while the peoples of Europe were consciously accentuating their national idiosyncrasies and their political independence, they were at the same time becoming more and more alike in their customs, their ideas, and their whole apparatus of material culture. At the same time, they were losing their economic self-sufficiency and being drawn into the meshes of a supernational industrial and commercial system, which transcends political frontiers and renders each people dependent on the rest for the very necessities of material existence.

In the same way, while Liberalism was destroying the old restrictions which interfered with the liberty of the individual and was basing political life anew on free representative institutions, the individual was losing all control over the circumstances of his daily life and becoming, more than ever before, the servant of impersonal economic forces, which absorbed all his time and energies. Human life was becoming mechanized, and man was losing his spontaneity under the vast pressure of the new material organization.

The new civilization is not the civilization which the nineteenth century believed that it was creating. It is a new social organism which cannot be understood unless we set aside all preconceived ideas and study it with strict scientific impartiality. This is what M. Lucien Romier has attempted to do in the series of works which he has devoted to "The Explanation of our Times," and he has succeeded better perhaps than any of the multitude of writers on the subject because he combines in such a remarkable way the actuality of the journalist and the man of affairs with the sympathetic imagination of a true historian.*

To M. Romier the distinguishing note of the new order is that it is a "mass-civilization" by which he means a civilization not so much of the masses in the ordinary sense of the word, as of economic aggregates which arise from the grouping of masses of population and capital round particular economic interests.

"In a hundred years," he writes, "the population of the world has doubled, that of Europe has tripled, and that of North America has multiplied thirty or forty times. This new humanity, actually created by the new sources of wealth, lives in masses and can only live in masses. If you alter one of the facts which contribute to the life of the mass, if you suppress the wealth that is being exploited, the aggregation or the unity of the individuals who together exploit this, if you take away their outlet or their profit from the collective activity, everything crumbles, the mass falls in ruins, the surplus population dies off,

* M. Romier established his reputation as an historian by his numerous works on the history of France in the sixteenth century.

the children who were to be born fail to see the light of day."*

The old divisions which have determined the historic life of Europe break down or vanish into insignificance by the side of these impersonal economic forces. An economic unit may come into existence on either side of a political frontier, as in Belgium and the North of France, or in Prussian and Polish Silesia, and all the forces of national antagonism and official red tape are powerless to prevent its development. The population itself changes not only its social character, but its racial composition in obedience to the vital needs of the mass. It brings Berbers from North Africa and Poles from Eastern Europe to work side by side in the automobile factories of Paris; it has poured a whole population of Chinese workers and merchants into the Malay Peninsula, and it creates new centres of wealth and population in regions which were up to yesterday barbarous or deserted, like Katonga or the Persian oil fields or the Chilean nitrate deposits.

These, however, are only the external consequences of mass-civilization. Far more important are the effects that it produces on the internal organization of society and the very form of culture itself. Hitherto the tradition of European civilization has been governed mainly by non-economic standards. The economic functions were almost excessively depreciated, in comparison with the aristocratic and humanist ideals of the leisured class, which had their origin in the Renaissance culture. These ideals were handed on from the courtiers and nobles of the old régime to the nineteenth-century middle class. In both periods the ideal of culture was placed in intensive intellectual culture of the individual, and the acquisition of wealth was regarded as an opportunity of escaping from the servitude of business to the freedom of the non-economic life.

To-day all this is changed. The end of civilization is no longer found in intellectual culture, but in material well-being, and it is no longer limited to a single class, but is the common aim of every member of the society. The economic functions are no longer despised; in fact,

* L. Romier, *Who will be Master: Europe or America?* pp. 19-20.

it is the non-economic functions that are in danger of being neglected, since they offer no material rewards and are no longer surrounded by a halo of social prestige. It is true that for the ordinary man life has become more enjoyable and richer in opportunities than it ever was before. He owns his wireless set and his motor-bicycle, palatial cinemas and dancing halls are built for his amusement, and he has much the same standard of education and intellectual culture as his employer. But against this we must set a loss of spiritual independence, of which the average man himself is probably unconscious. However harsh and narrow was the existence of the European peasant, he still possessed the liberty to be himself—a liberty which flowered in a rich diversity and an intense vitality of character and personality. But to-day if a man is to enjoy the material benefits of the new mass-civilization, he must put off his individuality and conform himself to standardized types of thought and conduct. And this extends also to the details of taste and personal habits. As M. Romier writes: "Such and such a way of dressing, furnishing the home, feeding, amusing oneself, once advertised to the public and successfully 'launched,' becomes entrenched and defended through the solidarity of manufacturers, workers, wholesalers, shopkeepers, salesmen, all banded together in quest of profits they will commonly share."*

For an individual to escape the pressure of this mass-movement is almost impossible. For "he who would escape from the fixed morals or modes set by standardization must pay a fearful price; he must undergo a kind of penance." And consequently the springs of creative originality are stopped at the source. The artist and the thinker are no longer the leaders of culture; they have become exiles and outlaws from the general body of society, which is governed more and more by purely external forces. Humanity has become the servant of the economic mass.

It is in the United States that this new type of civilization has reached its fullest development. For the conditions of American life allowed full play to the new forces,

* *Op. cit.*, p. 91.

which were here unfettered by social traditions and political complications. In M. Romier's words: "This enormous social organism, in which under an iron-handed police the most novel as well as the most traditional forms of human activity are carried on at amazing speed and on a colossal scale, has been built up as if at one stroke and without any serious attention to either political ideals or theories of civil administration."

In Europe, on the other hand, the new forces have been checked and deflected by the social and political traditions of an ancient civilization. Neither the political framework of independent national states, nor the social organization, nor, above all, the European cultural tradition were entirely compatible with the new type of civilization. Nevertheless the same tendencies are at work, and the industrial development of the European nations has been hardly less rapid and less intense than that of the United States. The same trend towards the growth of economic masses and the material standardization of culture is observable in the Old World as in the New, but here it is complicated by national rivalry and class antagonism and threatens to disrupt the old societies into which it has been introduced.

This is most evident in the case of the European system of political organization. Europe taken as a whole—even apart from Russia and the Balkans—is superior to the United States in population, in wealth, and in political and military power, but whereas the States of North America are United and are consequently able to devote their undivided energies to the economic organization of a continent, the states of Europe, divided from one another by national traditions, political frontiers, and artificial tariff walls, are forced to construct a number of independent and often antagonistic economic systems. Hence the new mass-economy is cramped and unbalanced. Each nation is forced to scramble for the largest possible share in the restricted markets and supplies of raw material, and this leads to over-protection, over-production, and over-population. So long as this state of things continues, no purely juridical methods can prevent national com-

petition in armaments and the perpetual danger of war. And yet it is impossible to solve the problem in the obvious way by the abolition of nationality and the creation of the United States of Europe, since all that is strongest in the life of Europe has its source in the national tradition, and to destroy nationality would be to cut the roots of our social vitality. We are forced by the whole trend of our past development to seek some less facile solution which will do justice at once to historic and economic realities.

No less pressing are the internal problems of our culture. The new standardized type of mass-civilization found ready acceptance in the United States. It was regarded as an original American creation, and it harmonized well with the needs of an expanding people in the new colonial environment. But in Europe the situation is entirely different. Society is still deeply imbued with the intellectual and artistic traditions of the Renaissance culture. The ideals of the leisured class still preserve their prestige, and the Americanization of European life is regarded by the majority of European writers and thinkers as a wave of barbarism which threatens all that makes life worth living. Nevertheless the new material culture has the same attraction for the European man in the street as for his comrade in America. No amount of literary denunciation will avail to check the tentacular advance of the civilization of the cinema, the motor-car, and the bungalow. The new civilization may be, as Count Keyserling thinks, a civilization of the taxi-driver, but it offers the ordinary man opportunities of a richer and more enjoyable life than he ever knew before. Moreover, it is not wholly materialistic. As M. Romier points out, one of the most striking features of the new American society is its idealism—its enthusiasm for every cause which seems to promise social or ethical progress. "The modern masses," he writes, "are not closed to ideas, but they want them and understand them only within the limits of their own experience or of their most constant and vital preoccupations." The great problem of modern culture is to bring these vast potentialities of spiritual development into contact with the higher forms of cultural activity which

the older European tradition possessed. And since in Europe we have in a higher degree than in America all the elements of such a synthesis, it would seem that it is from Europe that the solution of the problem must come.

It is not, however, possible to reach this goal by a mere popularization of the cultural and political ideals of the middle classes, as the nineteenth century believed. The decline of Liberalism and of the social and political influence of the middle classes, which is a striking feature of the post-war period in every European country, does not stand alone. It has brought with it the decline of Liberalism and a general loss of prestige for parliamentarianism and representative institutions.

Everywhere, save in the most stable and conservative societies of Western Europe, parliamentary government has been giving way before the dictatorships of the left or the right and the revival of authoritarian forms of government. And this is not merely the result of the temporary unsettlement produced by the war; it is due above all to the fact that the presuppositions of the old Liberal régime are no longer valid. The parliamentary system can only function properly in a stable society, in which all the active political elements are in agreement on fundamental matters. It invokes not only the opposition of parties, but also their co-operation. For the conflict of parties is not a fight to the death: it is a game that can only be played by a strict adhesion to the rules. It is no accident that the system was created by the same people which invented the game of cricket. They are, as Spengler would say, parallel expressions of the same psychic principle.

But as soon as the new economic factors come to dominate society, all this is changed. Parliament is no longer a debating society; it becomes a battlefield of impersonal forces. Either the political parties become the organs of class interests, in which case the State is threatened with social disruption and revolution, or they are dominated by economic mass-interests and the politician becomes the agent of industrial and financial powers, who dictate his policy from behind the scenes. In either case, the centre of gravity has shifted from the political to the economic

sphere, and the old Liberal democratic principles have become empty forms which no longer correspond to social realities. The new polity is a kind of mass-dictatorship which leaves little room for free discussion and for the expression of individual opinion.

And as it is with the Liberal middle-class polity, so is it also with the Liberal humanist culture. It is essentially the culture of a leisured class, and it cannot thrive in the atmosphere of the new mass-civilization. Its supreme achievements were always due to the adventurous freedom of the individual mind, which revolted alike against the authority of tradition and the received opinions of the multitude. This spirit of individualism is equally characteristic of the two great currents of modern culture which in other respects are so dissimilar—the movement of rationalist criticism, on the one hand, and that of sentimental or imaginative romanticism, on the other; for Rousseau and Voltaire, Shelley and Bentham, Ruskin and Herbert Spencer, in spite of their mutual contradictions, were all of them great individualists in revolt against intellectual orthodoxy and the pressure of social conformity.

But in the new mass-civilization which is growing up in America and Europe, it is no longer possible for the individual to isolate himself from his social milieu. The pressure of economic necessity forces him to conform. Moreover, the thought of the masses, as we see in America to-day, is essentially simple and uncritical. It is humble and receptive, so that it is often in danger of accepting the quack or the demagogue at his own valuation. For the masses demand above all a creed and a leader. Any criticism which goes beyond matters of detail, and which tends to shake their confidence in the existing order of life and thought, is abhorrent to them, and they are apt to regard the critic as a traitor to his society.

Hence it seems that modern democracy is breaking away from the Liberal tradition which nursed its infancy and is tending both in the political and the cultural sphere in the direction of collectivism.

At first sight this appears to justify the claims of Socialism, for the latter since the days of Marx has preached

the supersession of the parliamentary régime by a mass-dictatorship and the coming of a new proletarian civilization which will take the place of the old humanistic culture with its ideals of individual freedom and the liberty of opinion. Certainly in Russia, where the Marxian programme has been ruthlessly carried out, we have the most complete example of a collectivist dictatorship that the world has ever seen. The inner life of the individual is sacrificed to the needs of the mass in their crudest and most brutal form. Herr Füllop-Miller has shown in his interesting book, *The Mind and Face of Bolshevism*, how the Soviet Government has taken as a deliberate policy the mechanization of social life, and how the cult of the machine has acquired almost the character of a religion.

But it would be a mistake to regard the Russian development as a typical example of the mass-civilization of the future. Russia was the one country in Europe where the new civilization possessed no natural roots. It was a society of semi-mediæval type governed not by the economic forces of industrial capitalism, but by a rigid official hierarchy and a pre-industrial agrarian system. The Russian Revolution was not so much the proletarian revolution of Marx's theory, as a servile insurrection of the type of a mediæval Jacquerie. Consequently the attempt to create a new economic mass-civilization in Russia by the application of Marxian principles was an artificial experiment and not, like the new American mass-civilization, the spontaneous product of existing economic forces.

Indeed, while it must be admitted that Marxian Socialism was a remarkable advance on the contemporary political and economic Liberalism in its realization of the new economic tendencies that were about to transform our civilization, it may be questioned whether it is not to-day a reactionary and retrograde force in European life. The principle of state ownership of the means of production was intended by Marx to secure the subordination of political forms to economic realities. Actually it means the sacrifice of economic efficiency to political requirements and the accentuation of those very factors which even to-day hinder the full development of economic organization.

As we have seen, the wonderful economic expansion of the United States has been largely due to the fact that it has been unfettered by political restrictions, and it is the hypertrophy of political units that is mainly responsible for the difficulties of the economic situation of Europe.

Moreover, as M. Romier points out, the other main principle of Marxian economics, the class conflict, is equally discordant with modern economic realities. The essential condition of the life of economic masses is not conflict, but co-operation. In each mass, workers, capitalists, scientific specialists, salesmen, and directors form a block with common interests, and their respective rewards depend not on the sharing out of a fixed amount of money, but on their successful co-operation in creating new sources of wealth. The important thing is not who controls the capital, but how it is controlled; and a millionaire, like Henry Ford, who makes the industrial-commercial machine function smoothly, is a truer collectivist than a Government department which allows the engine to run down or the wheels to become clogged. Class conflict is a phenomenon which flourishes only in societies, such as Russia, where the class system is antiquated and no longer represents social and economic realities, or in those industrial societies which are undergoing an economic crisis and are no longer creating new wealth. In either case it is a morbid symptom, which must be eliminated by any society which aims at prosperity and efficiency.

But Socialism is not the only alternative to the Liberal régime. The last ten years have seen the appearance of a new force in European life which is equally opposed to the class-dictatorship of Marxian Socialism and to the party government of Liberal democracy. The rise of Fascism in Italy was a protest alike against the anti-social tendencies of Socialism and the anti-national tendencies of Liberalism, which had between them reduced Italy to a state of political and social chaos. Its ideal was the union of all the creative forces of the nation in the service of a constructive policy. The Fascist State was to be not the state of a class or a party, but *totalitarian* and universal. In place of the parliamentary régime with its chaos of warring parties in

which the Government represented no permanent social reality, but a shifting coalition of opinions, it has attempted to substitute a "corporative state" which should represent the living economic and social forces of the national life. And so, too, in the economic sphere it has striven to eliminate class conflict and to unite labour and capital in a co-operative effort towards increased economic efficiency and productivity.

Thus Fascism has attempted to face the problems and adapt itself to the needs of the new situation in a more realist and objective spirit than that of Socialism. It has accepted the conditions of the new mass-civilization even in their harshest and most brutal consequences. It has not hesitated to employ ruthless methods of intimidation, the proscription of individual opponents, and the destruction of those guarantees of the liberty of the individual which were the Ark of the Covenant of Liberalism. And consequently there are many who see in Fascism nothing but the tyranny of the bludgeon and the castor-oil bottle. Nevertheless the strength of Fascism is due as much to its idealism as to material force. It has realized that the new social discipline must have a moral foundation and that mass-civilization is impossible without mass-ideals. Consequently it has striven to unite all the moral and intellectual forces of the nation, and, to this end, has broken with the continental Liberal tradition of "laicism," and has put an end to the schism in the national life caused by the separation of Church and State.

Thus from every point of view the Fascist development is a most striking example of the new forces that are at work in Europe. Can we go further and look to Fascism for a definitive solution of the European problem? This is what Mr. Barnes claims in his interesting essay on "The Universal Aspects of Fascism." He believes that the appearance of Fascism marks a turning-point in European history—the end of the centrifugal and individualistic tendencies which have dominated Europe since the Renaissance and the reawakening of that older tradition of European unity which expressed itself in mediæval Christendom. "For Europe," he writes, "Fascism stands

at the cross-roads looking back towards the two Romes, Imperial and Catholic, that made her civilization, and pointing to its straight continuation as the only road by which to advance. Thus its historical function and mission is simply this: to prepare the ground for a new European political and social synthesis, founded on the race-traditions of the past when Europe was yet one."*

Now it is easy enough for Mr. Barnes to prove his case with regard to the authoritarian and anti-individualist character of Fascism. From that point of view it is certain that the movement is a reaction from the whole Liberal tradition which reaches back to the eighteenth century and beyond it to the Renaissance.

But the other part of Mr. Barnes' thesis is not so easily demonstrable. Indeed, at first sight it seems a sheer paradox to assert that Fascism marks a return to European unity and to the mediæval ideal of society. For if Mussolini is unsparing in his denunciations of what he terms "Demo-Liberalism," he has, on the other hand, never attempted to disguise his adhesion to the Nationalist doctrine of the State in its most uncompromising form. He is the disciple of Machiavelli rather than of St. Thomas, and, though he is willing to accept the Church as an ally, he will be satisfied with nothing less than the undivided allegiance of every citizen at every moment of his life. The policy of Fascism is definitely an imperialistic one, and it is an imperialism which looks back, not to the romantic idealism of Gioberti and the mediæval Empire with its head of paper and its feet of clay, but to the blood and iron of the authentic Rome. It is the aim of Fascism to fit the new generation for the winning of empire by an education which will train them to arms and inspire them with "the spirit of conquest," and, as the Pope himself has recently had reason to point out, this consorts ill with a policy of European peace and co-operation.

Mr. Barnes believes that the adoption of Fascist principles and ideals by the other European nations would prepare the way for a return to European unity, but we have only to study the *Survey of Fascism*, published by

the International Centre of Fascist Studies of which Mr. Barnes is Secretary-General, to see the objections to such a view. Wherever the spirit of Fascism appears, it allies itself with the forces of militant Nationalism. In Germany, as Herr von Binzer shows, it finds its affinity in the great national associations of semi-military character such as the Stahlhelm, the Jungdeutsche Orden and the Werewolves, organizations which reject the new German State as a "republic of hucksters and grave-diggers," and place their hopes in a violent resurgence of national patriotic feeling.

In France, it is true, there is no organized party which can be compared to the Fascisti, but if a French Fascism should come into existence, we can hardly imagine that it would show much sympathy to its opposite numbers in Germany or even in Italy.

So, too, in Austria the Fascists are at present fully occupied with their Socialist and Communist fellow-countrymen, but if they should ever hold the reins of power, it is probable that they would have something to say about the policy of the Italian Fascists in Southern Tyrol. While as for the Balkans, it is probable that Fascism as interpreted by a Macedonian komitadji would be something of which it is better not to think.

What Europe needs is not a revival of national rivalry, but a policy of international co-operation. It has more to hope from Geneva, Locarno, and the Kellogg Pact than from any new imperialism. The future of Europe, with respect alike to its material prosperity and its cultural leadership, depends above all on the internal stability and external harmony of the three great powers of the West—France, England, and Germany—all of which still hold fast to the parliamentary tradition. These nations have been the creators and leaders of modern European culture, and they will not readily abandon their own cultural and political traditions to follow the leadership of Russia or America or even of Italy. Nevertheless even in the West, as we have seen, the Liberal tradition is becoming discredited, and the parliamentary system itself, in so far as it is identified with party government and the predominance of class interests, is leading to social weakness

and disunion. But, as Mr. Barnes himself indeed admits, the remedy is not to be found in any kind of revolutionary *putsch* or dictatorship. It must come from within by the unification of the creative forces in national life and a gradual reformation of political and social institutions which will bring them into line with the requirements of the new type of culture. But everything depends on the ideal which inspires this reorganization. We have to choose broadly between two alternatives. On the one hand, there is the ideal of secular cosmopolitanism, as preached by Mr. Wells and so many others in this country; on the other hand, there is the policy outlined by Mr. Barnes—a return to the historic traditions of European unity, based on a distinctively Christian and Catholic ideal of culture. And while this latter ideal can hardly be identified with that of Fascism, as Mr. Barnes would have it, there does exist a certain common ground between them, as against the other school of cosmopolitan idealism which has inherited the old Liberal bias in favour of secularism and anti-clericalism. The opposition of these ideals to that of the new spirit which is abroad in Europe has been expressed with remarkable clarity by the author of a recent article in *The Times Literary Supplement*,* which deals with the Youth Movement in Germany.

"In the last resort," he writes, "the *Jugendbewegung* is a religious movement. As such, it is not surprising to find it instinctively suspicious of what we call idealism. . . . All our modern English writers are idealists or sceptics; few are religious. Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Bertrand Russell—men such as these apparently regard earthly life as a final state which it is man's duty and destiny to perfect. They call upon us to open conspiracies for the achievement of world order and the organization of peace and equity with all the help that modern scientific discovery can lend. Not so the *Wandervögel*.† Something in him refuses to believe in this notion. For him the world is manifestly appearance, not reality, a condition of

* *Times Literary Supplement*, April 18, 1929, p. xxii.

† The writer is referring to the group of non-political Youth Associations, of which the *Bund der Wandervögel* is typical.

trial and testing, a state of passion, a place of striving and obedience to destiny. In fact, to the vision of the idealist he opposes the fatalism of religion. He is not concerned with the perfection of the machinery of living, but with a renewal of those faculties which connect man with the background of life, with an invisible reality."

This religious view of life is equally incompatible with the political rationalism of the Liberals and the economic materialism of the Socialists. It requires the subordination of both politics and economics to a principle of spiritual order which is the source alike of political authority and social function. Thus the refashioning of society must be accomplished not by political or economic revolution, but by the creation of new organs of social leadership and new human types. Just as the mediæval knight had a different function and ideal from those of the Viking pirate or the Roman centurion, so the leaders of the new order will be neither irresponsible capitalists nor Socialist bureaucrats, but members of a hierarchy dedicated to a life of voluntary responsibility and service. Herein it marks a breach with the secular and individualistic traditions of the Renaissance culture and a return to the hierarchic ideal of mediæval Christendom. The realization of this ideal must inevitably be a long and arduous process. Any attempt to impose it immediately and by force on the modern State involves a serious risk of ultimate failure. For the essential task is to create not a new state machine, but new men and a new spirit. Only on these conditions is it possible for Europe to accept the new forms of mass-civilization without forfeiting its spiritual and cultural inheritance. An individualistic type of society can be secular and yet attain a high level of culture, but it seems impossible to conceive of a thoroughly secular mass-civilization, whether of the American or the Russian type, which would not ultimately be destructive of the human personality and consequently of all the higher cultural values. Mass-civilization can only be made spiritually tolerable if subordinated to a principle of the religious order which the individual can serve freely and wholeheartedly without becoming either a slave or an automaton.

C. DAWSON.

ART. 8.—THE STRANGE CASE OF
MR. C. K. MUNRO

"H E'S considered a coming man by the literary and theatrical people of England. Somerset Maugham thinks he's the most brilliant of the younger dramatists. I've heard that Mr. Shaw is quite keen about his work." So Miss Jean Cadell informed a New York interviewer who sought information about Mr. Munro when his two plays were about to be produced in America. She might have added, so that America should be suitably impressed, that Desmond McCarthy said: "Mr. C. K. Munro is, of all the young dramatists, the one most likely to produce a masterpiece." This is very high praise indeed for a dramatist who is yet under forty, but who has produced six plays of distinction. Alone of the younger dramatists he seems destined to carry the traditions of Shaw, Galsworthy, and Granville Barker into the looser, more hectic atmosphere of the post-war theatre. In the division which Mr. Ashley Dukes has made between "Forerunners" and "the Youngest Drama" Mr. Munro finds his place more easily among the "Forerunners," though Mr. Dukes has not classed him with them. That is not to say that Mr. Munro is not up-to-date and original—it is merely to suggest that at a time when dramatic technique has given place temporarily to what is loosely called "expressionism," a label which can be made to cover all the sins of commission and omission of a dramatist, Mr. Munro takes pains to shape his plays. If he transfers some of the pains to his audiences and his readers, he will have achieved his object. The strange thing about Mr. Munro is that his plays have an object. They are not merely "plays," not merely pieces of work which are calculated to produce a good income for their author and to give him that fame which consists of continuous references in the gossip columns of illustrated newspapers. The fervour which led Mr. Shaw to turn to the theatre as others would have turned to the Church has brought Mr. Munro to the theatre also. That he has a philosophy which is as definite

as that of Mr. Shaw there can be no doubt, and he displays the methodical mind of Mr. Galsworthy. He has not that faith in human perfectibility by governmental interference which characterized the older dramatists, and he emphasizes more than they did the importance of the individual. He is an uncompromising realist who never errs by showing too little. He reveals everything on his stage, and sometimes in his efforts to convey dullness and boredom he becomes dull and boring himself. That also might be said of Mr. Galsworthy or Mr. Shaw, but it seems certain that Mr. Munro has learned more of the elements of the craft of playwriting from Mr. Galsworthy than from any other dramatist. But Mr. Munro is an Irishman, with all the hardness of an Irishman, and he has not that surplus of pity for all created things which so often leads Mr. Galsworthy into sentimentality. In thought, as in method, Mr. Munro is clear, cold, aloof, dissecting with as little feeling as a medical student in an anatomy class the follies of human nature. Using the same material, Mr. Galsworthy is overwhelmed by pity, and Mr. Shaw would be brilliantly witty in leading his audience to a reasoned solution. For Mr. Munro there is only one problem where Messrs. Shaw and Galsworthy had discovered many. It is the problem of human nature, and, as the problem is so vast and so varied, he makes no attempt to offer any solution. He recognizes that the problem, in so far as it is a problem at all, is collective and historical; the solution, when a solution is sought, must be individual and ethical. Of faith in Parliaments and their Acts Mr. Munro seems to have very little, and in this lack of faith he very accurately reflects the spirit of his time—that time which is suffering the disillusionment of the war and its aftermath and which witnesses with detached equanimity the almost world-wide breakdown of nineteenth-century democracy. Yet despite all this his plays proclaim him to be what would in pre-war days have been called a Liberal, but which is now more generally termed Labour, in his political outlook. The violence of the "new drama" and the younger dramatists of the European Continent is not his. He has the cold logic and the irony

of Mr. Shaw, but he has nothing of Mr. Shaw's brilliant wit.

The career of Mr. Munro as a dramatist opened in 1915 with the production by the Stage Society in London of a play called *Wanderers*, which did not attract much attention outside the circle of dramatic critics and the members of the Society. The war ran its course, taking Mr. Munro and many millions of others with it, so no other play came from him until 1921, when *At Mrs. Beam's* was produced also by the Stage Society, which has produced all his plays to date. *At Mrs. Beam's* had a very successful run in London on the commercial stage, as it had also in the English provincial towns, and it was also performed in America. This very amusingly ironic comedy of English boarding-house life made the name of C. K. Munro widely and favourably known to the ordinary playgoer, so widely and so favourably indeed that the temptation towards stereotyping which is expected of authors and actors must have been great. To the pleased astonishment of all who feared that he might succumb to the temptation, his next play, *The Rumour*, was as different from his comedy as it could possibly be. *The Rumour* was produced in 1922, and was followed by a play of a somewhat similar kind, *Progress*, in 1924. Then in the same year, 1924, came *Storm*, a comedy in the manner and largely of the material of *At Mrs. Beam's*, which also had a successful London run after its production by the Stage Society. Then in June, 1926, came *The Mountain*, a reversion to the manner of *The Rumour* and *Progress*. Thus apparently there are two separate dramatists producing plays under the name of C. K. Munro. There is the very serious-minded Mr. Munro who is occupied with the great social, political, and ethical problems of his time: and there is the Mr. Munro who can laugh at the antics of Miss Shoe and Miss Gee in their surroundings of boarding-houses and hydropathic hotels. But that is superficial, and there is in reality only the very serious-minded Mr. Munro, who knows that all the mischief in the world is caused by gossiping fools and knaves in the home or in the state.

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Irishmen are popularly regarded in England as frivolous persons who can be depended upon to take nothing seriously. That estimate is the opposite of the fact, as Mr. Shaw pointed out when he placed Larry Doyle on the stage. It is true that Irishmen with an English audience very often act as they know they are expected to act, but that in no way invalidates the statement that Irishmen are really very serious persons, witty and ironic, but with no sense of humour as the Englishman understands humour. An Irishman would die of shame if he thought he was being laughed at by a crowd. Goldsmith and Sheridan were serious men, as was Oscar Wilde, and as Mr. Bernard Shaw is in our day. All these Irishmen wrote comedies for English audiences, but their comedy is not English comedy as H. H. Davies or Somerset Maugham would write it. The comedy of the Irishman is satire sweetened by wit, the comedy of the Englishman is humour flavoured with sentiment. The comedy of the Irishman very often approaches tragedy, and at its best it is tragi-comedy. So Mr. Munro is something of a puzzle, as was Mr. Shaw for the many years during which he was busy "showing-up" everything that seemed to him to be wrong in England. The process of showing-up has now been undertaken by Mr. Munro, but instead of showing-up England and the English as Mr. Shaw did, Mr. Munro shows-up Everyman and the World as they seem to him in all the fatuity of post-war bungling. There is little verbal wit in the plays of Mr. Munro, because Mr. Munro is an Irishman with a difference. That is to say, he is a Belfastman, as is Mr. St. John Ervine, and no one has yet discovered that Mr. Ervine is witty when he uses his sledge-hammer because he is without a rapier. The atmosphere of Puritanism and fanatical zeal that is normal to Belfast is not conducive to the development of wit. Life there is too strenuous, "life is real, life is earnest," to permit of trimmings or ornamentation. Belfast could produce a *John Ferguson* or *The Magnanimous Lover*, but it could never produce *She Stoops to Conquer* or *The Playboy of the Western World*. In the plays of Mr. Munro is all the earnestness of the Belfastman, the

earnestness of the Irishman with his irony but without his wit. All of his private life that is relevant to his work was disclosed by Mr. Munro in a letter to his American publisher, Mr. Alfred A. Knopf. "I was born," he wrote, "in 1889 at Portrush, Co. Antrim, Ireland. I am, in consequence, from Ulster. But I have no politics; also as a consequence I am thirty-seven years old. I am by profession a Civil Servant in the Ministry of Labour. I was educated at Harrow and Cambridge (Pembroke). My real name is MacMullan, which is my grandfather's; Munro is the corresponding grandmother's name. I use it not only as a name to write under, but am known by it, and mostly by it, to most people with whom I am in contact through writing and the consequences of it. I am married to an actress, whose stage name is Mary Sumner and who played leading parts on a good many occasions with Forbes Robertson in his American tours." He is said to have written novels, but so little is known of them that even an American interviewer failed to discover anything about them. He is thus described by Miss Jean Cadell, who created the leading characters in *At Mrs. Beam's* and *Storm*: "Mr. Munro has a very uncommon personality. Very keen eyes—piercing, in fact. One has the sense that nothing escapes him. He is an elusive personality and a great listener. . . . There is no vagueness about him. He knows every character thoroughly, exactly what he means, and the value of what he's got. But he's very modest, very shy, very non-theatrical. He doesn't go about in the theatre world at all." His plays very accurately reflect that personality. Nothing escapes him, and he takes good care that nothing shall escape his audiences. There is certainly nothing vague about what he wants to say, and if what he actually says be not comprehended, or only incompletely comprehended, the fault cannot be traced to him. "He catches every shade of meaning. If he doesn't understand something he has it repeated. He gets to the bottom of everything psychologically." Just how he gets to the bottom of things matters little. What does matter very much is that he gets to the bottom.

Look at his two comedies first. He has himself

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definitely labelled *At Mrs. Beam's* and *Storm* comedies so that there can be no misunderstanding of their purpose. But was that purpose solely to amuse and entertain as so many thousands of persons have been led to suppose? These two comedies are studies in futility, the waste it involves, the pathos of it, even the fun of it. But it is the waste and the pathos that interest Mr. Munro, as it is the fun that appeals to audiences generally. It is permissible to doubt that Mr. Munro saw any of the fun at all. As a good citizen of Belfast, brought up in an atmosphere of contemptuous pity of the futility of his compatriots of "the South and West of Ireland," he would not see anything funny in Miss Shoe or Miss Gee. They would be simply nuisances at which one would laugh only in desperation or contempt. Miss Shoe is a permanent boarder at Mrs. Beam's boarding-house in London, and she is the play, though she may share it nominally with nine other people, six permanent boarders, two temporary boarders, and Mrs. Beam herself. Into Mrs. Beam's house, which is as full of wasted life as a workhouse, come Mr. Dermott and Laura Pasquale to set the inmates by the ears and to depart finally with all the portable property. But it is Miss Shoe who makes the play memorable, and Miss Shoe is just the old maid so very commonly and unfavourably known to most boarding-houses. But here she is superb, here she is the epitome of all the old-maidish gossips in the world. Her futility is magnificent. Hear her in full spate as the curtain rises and the gramophone ceases: "Yes, it's curious how mistakes like that get about. There are two of them, you see, not one. Mr. Durrows, I was telling Mrs. Bett that there are two Mr. Lloyd Georges, not one, as is commonly supposed. One of them is a Welsh bard that sings at the Welsh Druid festivals, and has a very fine voice, and is well known for his learning, and, of course, is *not* married. While the other was the Prime Minister of England, and is married and has three children. The two are, of course, connected—cousins they are—but they're not the same. Now you can support me in that assertion, Mr. Durrow, I'm sure." Just the kind of imbecile chatter that sometimes makes a

holiday so tiring. This opening scene in the drawing-room is splendidly conceived and executed, as it opens out into a picture of the normal life of the house and its occupants, only distorted enough to be whimsical and rigidly restrained to prevent it degenerating into the extravagance of farce. When Mr. Dermott and his lady companion arrive, Miss Shoe is quite certain that the lady is not Mrs. Dermott, whatever else she may be. These two get to work at once; the lady to infatuate a foolish Scottish boy among the boarders, and Dermott to carry on an intrigue with a languishing grass-widow. When an evening paper announces that "the man who kills the women" is in London, Miss Shoe is convinced that Dermott is the man. "Well, I mean, dear, if you don't realize . . . However, that is not all. Finally, the date that this man disappeared from Paris was April 25, St. Barnabas's Day—St. Barnabas the Elder, that is, not the one that went to Capri, his is the 17th of September—April 25. Now do you know what day the Dermotts arrived here? Do you remember? Well, it was exactly April 27. Now how long does it take to come from Paris? A week, I agree, one would have said—a hundred years ago. That's a hundred years ago. That would have been proof against; not proof for, but proof against—in fact, overwhelming proof against. That would have decided a court of law against, in spite of other proofs in favour—the other way, don't you see. But nowadays it doesn't take more than two days at the outside." So Miss Shoe's spate of verbose and useless information continues, lightened occasionally by aphorisms on the necessity of being properly married or single, the inutility of oaths, the veniality of revoking at Bridge, and many other aspects of life and morals; "a woman of the world sees little things," as she says. So she chatters on, boring and malicious, as is the way of the thousands of Miss Shoes which represent the world's superfluity of femininity. She is futility itself, wearing out a life that is useless in an effort at altruism that twists in the making. Every member of an audience is brought into close contact with Miss Shoe because Mr. Munro

makes everyone a temporary boarder at Mrs. Beam's. If Miss Shoe and her like were not so common in everyday life, Mr. Munro's presentation of her would be intolerably boring. As it is, she is only caricatured by the compression of her interminable harangues and the confinement of her encyclopædic knowledge.

Miss Gee in *Storm* is another finished study in spinsterhood. She is the play, despite the fact that the girl Storm gives the play its title. The theme is Miss Gee and her manœuvres, under cover of the purest friendship, to detach husbands from their wives and to focus their thoughts upon herself. She is the candid friend, generous, flattering, and far-seeing, a balm to all who believe themselves to be misunderstood. Men never seem to care for the best sort of women, Miss Gee says when her victims are not attracted by herself. *Storm* opens splendidly, as indeed do all Mr. Munro's plays, with Miss Gee in full swing on the Battle of Tinderley Downs. This was supposed to have been fought in 1761 between spinsters and wives. "But the most comic part of it all," says Miss Gee, "is that no one knows what it was all about." "I expect the husbands knew," said the plain-spoken Mrs. Bolland. They are seated in the lounge of a small hydropathic hotel, a place not dissimilar in atmosphere from Mrs. Beam's house. Miss Gee has persuaded "Sammy," otherwise the Hon. Arthur Blount, a very stupid and somewhat dull individual, that his wife does not understand him, and that he could be "first-rate" with the right wife. She persuades him, in a very amusing scene, to write to his wife and tell her that love must be a natural harmony of free and equal spirits, and that for the future happiness of both they had better part. Into the lounge comes Storm in the company of a vain singer named Denis Welch. "Sammy" is captivated by Storm, but the form of his first capitulation is the repetition of Miss Gee's tags—she is "first-rate," but her "husband" is not; they ought to part and he will "look after her." When asked how he would do that, he says that he will find her some work. Finally, she surrenders, and with some hesitancy consents to an elopement. At the last moment he insists upon

taking with him some socks because they were knitted by his wife. This is the first intimation that Storm has had that a wife exists. It is a scene of genuine pathos, subtle and splendidly achieved. Meanwhile Miss Gee is busy detaching Welch from Storm, while Storm detaches Blount from the influence of Miss Gee. Blount's wife arrives unexpectedly, and rather unconvincingly, at the hotel. Blount, of course, returns to his wife; Miss Gee tackles a new arrival; and the curtain falls. But what of Storm? It seems almost that Mr. Munro had forgotten her, and she is left in a vague situation with a hint that her singer may treat her better in the future. In the theatre such vague treatment is not satisfactory, and it suggests weak craftsmanship in Mr. Munro. Nevertheless *Storm* is a better play than *At Mrs. Beam's*. The characters are more thoroughly studied, and more finished in presentation; they have depth and are not mere silhouettes. In both plays there is the comedy of human nature, easily recognizable, but sometimes as tedious as the comedy of real life. Bores are only funny when they are at a distance, or when inflicting themselves upon other persons.

If it be by his comedies that Mr. Munro is best known, it is by his serious drama that he will ultimately be judged. He has now produced three plays which in their scope cover all the major problems of our time, wars and the making of wars, spiritual values and material values, the crowd and the individual. What a symbolist like Karel Capek challenges in *R.U.R.* and *The Insects*, or Expressionists like Elmer Rice or Ernst Toller in *The Adding Machine* and *Masses and Man*, Mr. Munro sets out in terms of stark reality in *The Rumour* (1922), *Progress* (1924), and *The Mountain* (1926). One of these plays only has got beyond the comparatively private performances of the Stage Society, though all of them are worthy of the consideration of managers in search of possible stage successes. When Mr. Lee Schubert, the American theatre magnate, says he came to England to secure sixty plays and could find only six, he forgot to mention that he did not seek the best, but only the potentially popular plays, and he overlooked Mr. Munro! In these three plays

Mr. Munro proves that he is not only a good listener and a good psychologist, but that he can reconstruct minds and words in terms of real life in the form of drama. Where Capek attracts attention by his fantastic symbols, Munro compels attention by verisimilitude. Capek became famous by his robots and his insects, but Mr. Munro has been left in the shade with his perfectly presented human beings. But the theatre is not the place for problems! Why not? The greater, the most interesting, and the most exciting part of man's life consists of problems, and if drama is to have any connection with life its greater part must also consist of problems. If the problem be presented meanly as in *The Vortex* or sensationally as in *Spring Cleaning* or fantastically as in *R.U.R.*, the theatre has a place for it. Is there not a place in the theatre for a problem when it is presented sincerely and realistically? But the world is tired of problems! Of course it is, it always was; but it will be overwhelmed by problems if it makes no attempt to understand them and to solve them. Malignant diseases are not cured by ignoring them, and the pressing ethico-social problems of our time will not be cured by liberal doses of syncopated musical comedy. It is obvious that ethics is in a transitional state, in common with all else dependent upon it for stability, and there is no point in deploring effects without reference to the governing causes. These effects are exposed by Mr. Munro only in his efforts to discover and display the causes.

When General Bernhardt expressed the opinion, openly and bluntly, that states were not governed by the same ethical rules as individuals, he merely echoed Machiavelli, but he was held to public execration by newspapers which were conducted precisely upon that belief. Political ethics ought to be the same as individual ethics. That is the opinion of civilized individuals in civilized countries, and it is the opinion of Mr. Munro. In *The Rumour* attention is concentrated upon the problem of war. By means of a baseless rumour deliberately set going by the capitalist interests of a great power two small powers are driven to war. Before the war begins it has been arranged which of the small states shall win, and who shall have

the spoils. The political strings are pulled, and the big state with another as big come in on the side of the financiers. At the end of the war the victorious small state gets only satisfied honour and the debts, while the big states get "an extraordinarily rich commercial connection and sphere of influence." As displayed by Mr. Munro, patriotism is indeed "the last refuge of a scoundrel." The rumour which starts the war comes from financiers in London, to the effect that the Lorians have attacked the Przimians. "Well, anyway, here's to our success in startling all these dirty dogs in the government out of their skins with a rumour of a Lorian attack." So easily is the thing done by a drinking party. The rumour gets into diplomacy; into the streets; and stirs public fears through the press. As a result of diplomatic handling, there is a riot in a café in Przimiprzak which is used to promote a Stock Exchange crisis. A meeting of Lorians in Przimia leads to conspiracy and the assassination of an English girl. Everything is "set fair" for war, and the troops depart with popular acclamation. There are casualties and the man in the street finds that his son has been killed. At the Peace Conference there is "complete accord"—the little belligerents are ignored, and the play ends with the financiers reckoning their profits.

In *The Rumour* the method employed is that of all Mr. Munro's plays; it has brought him into conflict with almost all the critics. The method is expository, which reveals everything, and not the usual dramatic method which reveals only the significant things. As a consequence there is much repetition, just as in real life. It is evidently Mr. Munro's purpose to show that it is the *little* things that count, and the little things can be emphasized only by repetition and by photographic realism. In defending himself against his critics, Mr. Munro says: "In dramatic presentation, condensation is at the present day so essential that to bring the matter within the bounds of ordinary representation it is imperative to cut away all that can go without hurt to the general structure. . . . Certain it is that an Elizabethan audience would not have found this play excessively wordy and long—however dull they

or anyone else might find it—though that is one complaint that the breathless audience of to-day in the commercial theatre would doubtless bring against it.” It may be presumed that Mr. Munro has written his plays with the purpose of moving, and perhaps enlightening, the breathless audiences in commercial theatres. He is not trying to influence an Elizabethan audience, so his reference to that audience lacks point. It is certainly true that Mr. Munro succeeds in making human life almost as tedious, as dull, and as fatuous as it appears in a daily newspaper, and there can be no doubt that his plays would be more effective were they condensed to suit the needs of audiences and managers of to-day. He need not write like Mr. Noel Coward or Mr. Frederick Lonsdale to achieve this, but he must cease to write as if he were merely the recording agency for the characters he sets upon the stage.

Progress is a satirical exposition that would delight the heart of Dean Inge, as it shows the efforts of Boom to bring the blessings of civilization to a savage people at a very excellent profit to himself. It is the most bitter of Mr. Munro’s plays, and except for a little wry humour, introduced to heighten the satirical effect, it is a deadly onslaught upon the material conception of progress which was so dear to Victorians. It is Mr. Munro’s contribution to the growing revolt against that conception, as it is a literal “showing-up” of its effects. “The problem which forms the main conflict in the play,” says Mr. Munro, “is the struggle between material progress—progress in the acquisition of wealth, in the struggle for the complete conquest of matter—and what I may call spiritual progress. The conflict between spiritual and material good, between the ideal and the practical, has, I suppose, always been intense. Any idealist must perpetually be confronted with the dilemma that the ideal course is often also the unpractical one. . . . It seems to me that true statesmanship lies only in those who combine the power to see the ideal, with the drive and the energy, the eloquence and the knowledge, to *impose* their view on their country.” Statesmanship at the moment is just as Mr. Munro defines it—but its ideals are not his. In every case, in Russia,

in America, in Italy, in England, the ideal is material; society everywhere is acquisitive, and dictatorship no more desires a change than did democratic Liberalism. In the play the only result of the wars, intrigues, and barter by which human populations change ownership as does the stock on a farm is the invention of an unbreakable cup. As the Keeper of the Coffee Stall says: "There's progress in some things. . . ." Essentially there is no change, and the millions of little people pursue their millions of little ways without reference to any grand scheme. Even in this play there is no progress, no change; it has all been said before more pointedly and more interestingly by Dean Inge, Professor J. B. Bury, and Anatole France. John Stuart Mill hoped that mankind would "continue to improve." As mankind, evidently, does not continue to improve, the word *progress* now evokes only ironic laughter. Except from Mr. H. G. Wells! The irony of Mr. Munro will not assist in restoring faith until the moral of this play be stressed and the story released from the voluminous folds of the style in which it is now completely lost.

The search for material progress leads, has always led and will always lead, to war. Such is Mr. Munro's reading of human history, and his three plays might easily be read as footnotes to Mr. Wells' *Outline of History*. In *The Rumour* and *Progress* he is as negative as was Anatole France in *l'Île des Pingouins*. That there is need for a new standard of values, particularly spiritual values, few will be found to deny; but Mr. Munro offers no new standard. "My policy for Ireland consists in equal parts of Home Rule and the Ten Commandments," said the late T. M. Kettle; Mr. Munro seems to offer the same policy to the world, emphasizing especially the Ten Commandments. In *The Mountain* (1926) the Wandering Elder says: "Inasmuch as men are inhuman, they need tyrants; inasmuch as men will not listen to the authority of God, they must bow to the authority of man. That is the great truth—and you little men may replace each other as fast as you like, but the great truth remains." In this play there is revolution within a community which at the end

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is as it was in the beginning. Captain Yevan begins by beating his orderly, goes on to insult a deacon under the taunts of the Wandering Elder, is court-martialled and reduced to the ranks, where he suffers all the pains and indignities he once inflicted. He is roused to revolt, starts a rebellion and becomes Dictator. He tries to make the people rule themselves by electing a parliament, but its first act is to attempt his arrest. He escapes, and with the Wandering Elder retires to a monastery, while the old government returns to power. "You have achieved the only victory a man can achieve," says the Elder, "and that is victory over himself. And having achieved that, you are ready at last for the task for which I now come to claim you." "What is that?" asks Yevan. "To teach the people not to need a tyrant," answers the Elder.

It is possible that Mr. Munro is clear and certain in his own mind as to the ideal he would have mankind aspire to, but that clear-cut certainty is not to be extracted from his plays. Mere conquest over self cannot produce an ideal world any more than mere conquest of matter. So long as he is ironic and negative, as he mainly is, Mr. Munro is understandable; it is when he attempts to be positive that he collapses into mere wordiness, perhaps into mere windiness. His three "philosophical" plays have really no philosophy which is applicable to the conditions of the contemporary world. He is aware of that when he makes his Wandering Elder ask, "How can the new arise out of the old?" Since there seems to be no other way in which the new can arise, Mr. Munro's philosophy seems to end in stalemate. The three plays, *The Rumour*, *Progress*, and *The Mountain*, may be but parts of a very big scheme which Mr. Munro is slowly working out, and perhaps in time it may be possible to discover what it is that he desires. At present he is a voice in the wilderness, and all that can be gathered is that he has examined his fellow-humans and found them vile. He utters in hundreds of thousands of words, "Lord, what fools these mortals be!" But he has set the world laughing at the antics of Miss Shoe and Miss Gee. And for that much will be forgiven him.

ANDREW E. MALON

ART. 9.—FRANZ LISZT: A STUDY

IN a former article, given to the study of Liszt the artist and Liszt the man, I dealt with his significant childhood full of aspiration, his romantic youth, his brilliant art, and that moral *débâcle* traceable, in the main, to his deliberate "practise" of Marie d'Agoult. But after ten years his relations with her came to a long-deferred end, and Franz, at the height of his reputation as a pianist, flashed across Europe much after the fashion of a comet. This point in his career seems to me to be the end of youth, and for a year or two there was a kind of pause, a space for readjustment.*

"Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita" there usually looms a choice. Had Liszt desired to remain merely famous, he had the easy means—he needed only to give concerts. In his own hands lay—quite literally—his whole fortune, for, as *virtuoso*, he had no equal in Europe, even no rival at all. He might have continued to be—a *virtuoso*. Some innate nobility of outlook saved him from this: "Plus que noblesse sans doute génie oblige." His early dreams of art as a vocation, a *sacerdotium*, had left in him, as all our dreams do, its ineffaceable colour; in some sense hardly clear perhaps to himself, he was impelled to make known divine things to men through the open—and secret—speech of music. The artist he wrote: "à sa place marquée dans les décrets providentiels," "qu'il place son but non en lui mais en dehors de lui."

Already, in 1843-4, he was at Weimar and gave eight great concerts. In 1844, he went to Spain and Portugal; for the inauguration of the Beethoven monument at Bonn he wrote and directed music; his travels took him even to Constantinople. And then the *virtuoso*, settled at

* Marie d'Agoult returned to Paris and to something of a political and literary salon. In her romance *Nélida* she told, thinly veiled, the story of her life, with herself as heroine and Liszt as villain. She died in 1879, and was buried according to the rites of the "liberal" Protestant Church, for which she had abandoned her faith. Liszt said: "Short of hypocrisy, I would not weep more for her death than for her life."

Weimar for a dozen years, became the self-effacing producer of fine work, the servant of art, the friend of artists, the assiduous composer. The generosity and nobility of Liszt was not doubted by anyone.

Weimar, in 1848, was much as Weimar had been a hundred years previously; it was small, sleepy, courtly, and self-important; the essential change seemed to be that the Grand Duke, instead of being named Charles-Augustus, was now called Charles-Alexander. Here Liszt did no less—and perhaps no more—than revolutionize the musical taste of Europe. In particular, he taught Europe Wagner, so that a connoisseur of those days said: "I detest Wagner, but I have come to the point where I can't stand any other music."

Berlioz' *Benvenuto Cellini*, Schumann's *Manfred*, Verdi's *Hernani*, Schubert's *Alphonse et Estrella*—all these were finely produced by Liszt in the Court Theatre at Weimar; Gluck, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Halévy, Cherubini came on in turn; much less famous names figured also on the programme. Charles-Alexander gave his Kapell-Meister full liberty. But it was at Weimar likewise that the music, the incredible new music, of Richard Wagner found its well-nigh perfect interpretation and Wagner found himself a perfect friend. From this wholehearted alliance of Liszt and Wagner was born and reared the modern music of Europe and perhaps a new theory of æsthetics as well. Wagner wrote: "I was amazed to recognize in him (Liszt) my second self; what I had felt in inventing this music, he felt in conducting it; what I wanted to express in writing it down, he said it all in making it sound."

Liszt had met Wagner in Paris and knew his *Rienzi*, but it was only at Weimar that he procured the score of *Tannhäuser*. The effect upon him was stupendous. All that he had dreamt of doing was here done; the rhythms that had beaten ghost-like in his brain stood here on paper; his fiery dramatic instinct saw here before it its own proper realization. This grandiose intellectual princely music conquered the sincere and fundamentally humble Liszt; he went to his oratory, threw himself on his knees, fought

back—it may be—a rising tide of egoism. But he came out of the oratory white and fixed; “priest of art,” he had recognized his office towards the genius of Wagner. *Tannhäuser*, therefore, was produced at Weimar in 1849. “Liszt, my friend,” wrote Wagner, “my *Tannhäuser* has been published now these four years, and no theatre has yet thought fit to play it . . . you may be sure that no one knows better than I what it means to produce such a work as mine at this particular moment. You had to throw yourself body and soul into the effort, to sacrifice yourself completely, to concentrate every physical and mental power, to have but one sole aim—to bring to light your friend’s work and to make the production most beautiful in itself and most useful to your friend. My dear friend, you have lifted me up as if by magic . . . I have found the courage to endure. This also I owe to you.”

When Wagner, a month or two later, arrived in Weimar with the MS. of *Lohengrin* in his valise, Liszt received him with open arms. Then for three entire days Liszt sat over the score of *Lohengrin*, absorbed uplifted enchanted; he refused to move away from it; his meals were brought and set beside him; he felt but one vehement wish—to bring this great work to life, to produce it perfectly. But, as he saw, it would need a year of labour and heavy expense as well. Liszt opened his purse to its depths.

It is not easy to over-praise the friendship that united these two men. “If I had ever thought,” wrote Wagner, “that a friendship between two men is the noblest bond that can unite two human beings, it is you who have revealed the idea to me as a living fact.” “If it is given to a man to understand you,” wrote Liszt, “the least he can do is to serve you intelligently and worthily.” Wagner had an unlimited faith in himself as the creator of an art ever young and ever old. Liszt wrote: “Just as some pious priest ended by underlining, word for word, the whole *Imitation of Christ*, so I may very likely end by underlining, note for note, the whole of your *Lohengrin*.” And the great love, the great enthusiastic friendship grew apace. Wagner in heavy Teutonic phrases, Liszt in

rapier-like sentences both acknowledged it fully; the union of mind with mind was an affair of flame. Wagner even wrote: "If we did not love each other like this, we could only hate each other terribly."

Liszt appeared to multiply himself. There was the Ninth Symphony of his old divinity Beethoven to be made known to the world, the Berlioz week to arrange; he dreamt of and planned a kind of Olympic games of art to be held yearly at Weimar, in which poets, sculptors, musicians, and painters would compete. He wrote his book on Chopin, his pamphlet on Mozart, as well as many other articles on music. He mentions among the "little things that have delayed my work": rehearsals and performances of *Fidelio*, *Robert le Diable*, *La Favorita*; court concerts and lessons to the Grand Duchess; all the arrangements about the orchestra; revision of musical MS. and dealing with publishers. But it was also during these *anni mirabiles* at Weimar that Liszt composed his own most important works, the Twelve Symphonic Poems, the Faust-Symphony, the Sonata in B minor, the Messe de Gran and most of his songs. His genius flowered to its height. What was that height? The question needs answering.

There can be no doubt, I think, that the fine genius of Liszt was fatally obscured in the Titanic shade cast by Wagner, and that, had he appeared at almost any other moment of musical history, he would have taken a far higher place than that which has, in fact, fallen to him. Only last year, the critic of the *Morning Post*, reviewing a Queen's Hall concert in which Liszt's Faust-Symphony had been played, wrote: "It is wonderful music and I find it difficult to understand why we hear it so seldom. Quite apart from the inspiration it has been to Wagner and the Russians . . . the ideas are so beautiful in themselves, so ingeniously treated, that the work as a whole must indubitably be considered a real masterpiece on its merits." This possibly may be some sign of a Liszt revival, but critics like Groves and Damreuter, while acknowledging his almost abnormal musical intelligence and a sympathy so great that he "raised himself almost

to the height of the composers he reproduced," will not admit that, precisely as composer, he is in the first rank of all. They hold that, in the realm of "pure" music, his mind moved but awkwardly and ill. With a poetical theme to "illustrate"—Tasso, Hamlet, Mazeppa, Dante, Faust—his fecund imagination poured out material, his fine intelligence ordered it; he fused music and poetry together into glowing Symphonic Poems, a *genre* of which he may be called, literally, the creator. In this "programme music" he found his real sphere, and showed, in that sphere, very high qualities. As M. Calvocoressi pointed out, his work is pregnant with artistic consequences, so that in many ways he is the master of all subsequent composers. But we have to recognize that there is a pure music conceived by the pure intellect, priestess in its own right of supersensible reality; a music independent even of poetry and, *a fortiori*, of the plastic arts, which does not illustrate their themes but deals directly, uniquely and magisterially with the human soul. This abstract essential music, its high conceptions and transcendental relations Liszt, it is held, could never truly master. Some failure of vision, some lack of detachment, some clinging to the concrete and the symbolic—call it what you will—impeded his flight into the pure æther, however marvellous his circlings in the lower airs.

Liszt had the score of his Symphonic Poems preciously bound, and dedicated them thus, with his own hand: "À celle qui a accompli sa foi par amour, agrandi son esperance à travers la douleur, édifié son bonheur par le sacrifice. À celle qui demeure la compagne de ma vie, le firmament de ma pensée, la prière vivante et le ciel de mon âme—à Jeanne Elizabeth Carolyne." This lady had taken her part, in point of fact no ignoble part, in fulfilling the prophecy of M. Adam Liszt.

It was in 1847 that Liszt first met Princess Jeanne Elizabeth Carolyne von Sayn-Wittgenstein in the ancient Byzantine town of Kiev. She came to a concert he gave there, and was to keep, all her life, the programme of that same fateful concert. She was of Polish birth, twenty-eight years of age, with a deep Oriental darkness of eyes

and hair; not beautiful, but strong striking distinguished. She was an Amazon, she was very well-educated, she had travelled extensively, she smoked cigars. Her daughter Marie was already ten years old; from her husband, Prince Nicolas, she lived apart. Only daughter and heiress of a great landowner, Ivanouska, who ruled over some 30,000 serfs, Carolyne had been married, rather unsuitably and rather unhappily, at seventeen. Her husband was afterwards to say of her: "She was too good for me, I too insignificant for her." It was probably true. When Carolyne met Liszt, the great passion, the great devotion, the great unjustifiable sacrifice of her life loomed upon her in terrible shape. Nor did she hesitate. Henceforth there was for her but one object, to procure the annulment of her marriage and to marry Liszt; with such simplicity do some natures deal with destiny. Meanwhile, he could come on visits to Woroninz, her almost legendary castle between Odessa and Kiev. One such visit lasted four months.

Carolyne, as is evident, was no Marie d'Agoult, and in the matter of the marriage, she was not only determined but practical. She was a Catholic, even an ardent Catholic, and she looked first to Rome. The Roman Courts, she believed, would find null a marriage entered into at seventeen through fear of her father. That was the main point. But besides, it would be needful, since she was a subject of the Czar, to procure a sentence of dissolution from the Holy Synod. She had grave fears for her personal freedom in Russia, should the Czar dislike the idea of a dissolution; she therefore judged it best to go to Weimar and to put herself under the protection of the Grand Duchess Marie Paulowna, sister to the Czar. This Duchess, as she hoped, would plead her cause. After selling some of her immense estates and thus possessing herself of an independent capital of a million roubles, she left Eastern Europe and travelled by a devious route to Weimar. But before starting on this journey, she desired to visit with Liszt the scenes of his childhood: Raiding, the villages, the forest, the vast melancholy plains of his native land. Liszt said with proud and deep sincerity:

"You a Princess, I a poor musician! What is anything in my life that you should be interested in it even for five minutes?" He wrote also: "My whole faith, my whole hope, and my whole love are concentrated in you, summed up in you. . . . May God's angel guide you, my radiant morning star!"

To Weimar, then, Carolyne went and established herself and her little daughter at Altenburg, a large house outside the town; Liszt took rooms at an hotel. The high intelligence of the woman, her ardent affections, her way of dealing with life, all her brilliant noble quixotic nature, evoked from Liszt a passion not unworthy of its object. "Adieu," he writes, "force, grandeur, sanction, raison de mon être et de mon existence. Je me demande si ce n'est pas vous qui m'avait fait autrefois cadeau de mes yeux et de mes mains et si, chaque soir, vous ne montez pas les mouvements de mon cœur. . . . Ma première prière, la première respiration de mon âme, est pour vous." For years, this ardour maintained itself at white heat; the primitive woman, the noble friend, the guarding spirit alike fed its fiery hunger. For Carolyne threw herself into all the interests of Liszt's career; he was not only her beloved and her future husband; he was, above all—she said resolutely "above all"—a great genius, a great musician. She urged him to compose, to create. The *virtuoso* might enchant her, as he had done at Kiev, but never would such enchantment content her. She said in effect to Liszt what she said to Berlioz, who came to her in deep discouragement: "If you shrink from the pain which your work may and should cause you . . . never come near me again!" Altenburg became the brilliant centre of all that was intellectual and artistic in Weimar. Even the Grand Duchesses admitted it.

But the affair of the marriage dragged. The Czar Nicolas I, as head of the Orthodox Church, was not disposed to touch the matter; the Sayn-Wittgenstein used all their influence with him to prevent the alienation of Carolyne's vast estates from their family; Prince Nicolas, her husband, *bon viveur*, gambler and spendthrift, had no mind, either, to lose his advantages. But the Czar, when

Carolyne refused to obey his direct orders and return to Russia, sequestrated her estates, gave them over to the administration of her brother-in-law, and declared that they were held in trust for her daughter. Prince Nicolas even put his daughter's fate into the Czar's hands, desiring him to arrange a marriage for her. Carolyne became convinced that, if she allowed her daughter to join the Russian Church and marry a Russian, the Czar would then deal with her own marriage as she desired. Conscience forbade any such complacency, and Carolyne's faith was adamant. But she presently threw prudence and the allied virtues to the unmerciful winds and Liszt took up his abode with her at Altenburg. The Court of Weimar, diplomatically blind, continued to send its invitations to Liszt at the hotel where he had been living previously.

Of the life at Weimar it can only be said that, rooted in dishonour, it put on many of the qualities of pure honour. Liszt's adoration, Carolyne's fidelity and self-abnegation, their genuine companionship and noble aims are not lightly to be denied. Nor did they cease to pray and to pray together—feverish, it may well have been, and half-despairing prayers. Their *prie-dieu* stood side by side.

In 1855, Czar Nicolas died and Alexander II succeeded him; it followed very shortly that Carolyne's whole estates were confiscated. Her husband received as his share a seventh part; Carolyne herself was declared "civilly dead." The Court of Weimar found itself unable to ignore the Russian ban; "civil death" was not an event easy to dissemble; from Carolyne therefore and, in a measure from Liszt also, this minute Court withdrew its favours.* It is easy and open to anyone to make a jest of Court favours, and yet a mere change of sky or of weather lies heavily on the subtle human soul that is full of an innate prophecy. A slightly sinister shadow crept over Altenburg.

The children of Marie d'Agoult, Blandine, "angiolin

* William Wallace, in his *Liszt, Wagner, and the Princess*, 1827, contradicts himself entirely on this point. On p. 61 he says that Liszt threw decorum to the winds and took up his abode with the Princess. The result of this slip (?) was that the Princess's name was struck off the list of those who had the *entrée* to Court and that, during some public celebrations, the pair were cut dead. On p. 80, however: "When after the cut direct, Liszt threw all prudence and discretion to the winds and went to live under the same roof with her."

del biondo crin," Cosima and Daniel had been educated quietly in Paris, without, as it seems, much intercourse with their mother. The girls were beautiful and, already in their teens, fine musicians; the boy Daniel had a precocious brilliance; Carolyne received them all with affection at Altenburg. In a few years, Blandine had married Emile Olivier, later Minister of Justice to Napoleon III, and Cosima, Hans von Bülow, a devoted pupil of Liszt. Daniel was to die, tragically and wonderfully young. In 1859 came the marriage of Carolyne's daughter Marie von Sayn-Wittgenstein with Prince Constantin Hohenlohe and her departure to Vienna, and, a year later, Carolyne obtained from Russia the documents which set her free from her own marriage. It seemed indeed that, unknown to her, the affair had really been concluded in 1855, and that, two years later, Prince Nicolas had seen fit to marry a dancer.

The true account of Carolyne's dealing with the Vatican in the matter of her proposed marriage to Liszt has not yet been written nor can it be done here. The relevant documents lie hidden, very probably in the Archives of the Holy Office, most inaccessible of all the inaccessible Archives of Rome. We are obliged therefore to take the accounts of those unversed in the procedure, or even the terminology, of Canon Law, who speak with complete indifference of a divorce, a separation, a declaration of nullity, and a dispensation. Under these circumstances, the most valuable account appears to be that of Ramann in the monumental and detailed biography, *Franz Liszt als Künstler und Mensch*; the author had the collaboration of both Liszt and Carolyne.

When Carolyne received from Russia, in March, 1860, news of the decision of the Holy Synod which annulled her marriage, she sent the document to the Bishop of Fulda, in whose diocese Weimar lay. The Bishop returned it to her. Carolyne, in May, 1860, went to Rome to put her case before the proper authorities and had an audience with Pius IX, during which she told him on her knees her whole story. That kindly Pontiff blessed her and promised full justice. After what seemed to her interminable delays,

she received, signed by the Pope, the confirmation of the Decree of the Russian Synod, but when she laid this Roman sentence before Cardinal de Lucca, he refused to allow the Bishop of Fulda to celebrate her marriage with Liszt. She appealed again personally to Pius IX, who ordered a fresh examination of her cause, and, other documents having been procured from Russia, Cardinal Caterini said that the case in her favour was clear. Pius IX signed a fresh decision and the marriage was fixed for October 22, 1861, the fiftieth anniversary of Liszt's birthday, at the Church of San Carlo in Corso. On October 20, Liszt arrived in Rome, and on the 21st he and Carolyne received Communion together. At eleven p.m. on the evening of the same day, the parish priest of San Carlo was informed that, by the Holy Father's orders, the marriage was not to take place; an urgent message to the same effect was sent also to Carolyne. That is the bare account, without legal or other explanation. It remains to be said that a Russian cousin of Carolyne, Count Calm-Podoska, together with two Polish ladies, his relatives, had a private audience with Pius IX on October 20; it is supposed that these persons made representations which determined the Pope to put a stop to an immediate marriage. It is true also that Carolyne was asked to send all relevant documents to the ecclesiastical authorities for a fresh examination and that she refused to do so, although she never doubted the possibility of a favourable decision. Four years later, Prince Nicolas Sayn-Wittgenstein died, but neither Liszt nor she took any further step in the matter.

It is not easy to read the mind of this passionate and devoted woman. It is said that she saw in the blow that crushed her the just punishment of God and bent before it in faith and resignation. Her letters to Liszt bear this sense: "Blessed are they who in this life are allowed to expiate even the least of their failings. . . . He has tried us like gold in the fire, and when we have come back to our original purity, He will give us all that is for our good." It is said that she took the catastrophe as a "sign" that the marriage was "not to be." But did she also divine that the tie of a friendship, now irreproachable, would hold

Liszt better than obvious bonds? And was she wrong? She had, in her apartment at 80 Via del Babuino, over twenty-five years in which to solve that problem, for she never left Rome.

She had always prayed, she prayed now more fervently; she had always loved study: books now overflowed in every room. In twenty-two years, she wrote, alas! forty-five unnecessary volumes; her *magnum opus*, "*Über die inner Gründe des aussere Schwäche der Kirche*," accounted for twenty-four of them.

As the years passed, her originality of character drove her into outward eccentricities. Her friends smiled at the darkened rooms lit all day by candles, at the groves of palms, the clouds of cigar smoke, the table laden with busts of Liszt, at her strange figure on the *chaise-longue* dressed in garish colours. The features of her plain intelligent face grew heavier, plainer; the large eyes burned with a deeper sensibility; the strange Slav mind lost itself in slightly incoherent dreams. In the evening she received her friends in the informal Roman fashion, a miscellaneous cosmopolitan throng shot with the purple of Roman prelates and sometimes with the Cardinalatial scarlet; Liszt came frequently and often played to her and her guests the music of many memories. But, just as she had urged him in earlier days to leave virtuosity and create music for the world, so now she entreated him to throw himself into the reform of Church music and to create again—for God. She saw him in her dreams as the inspired director of the Sistine Choir, a leader in a religious cause. And not till the last day of his life did her devoted affection waver or lessen, nor her, at times, imperious and harassing desire for his greater good. When she heard of his death, she took to her bed, kept a profound silence, wrote incessantly at the current book, saw no one, answered no letters. A winter passed in this fashion; at the end of it she was found dead in her bed.

"Le compositeur de musique d'Église," said Liszt, "est aussi un prédicateur et un prêtre." Already in 1848 he had composed a *Pater* and an *Ave*; there was fine religious music in the Dante-Symphony, finer still in the

admirably lyrical setting of the Thirteenth Psalm; the solemn *Messe de Gran* is, says Calvocoressi, wholly admirable for structure, unity of thought, logical cohesion, originality. In writing it, Liszt said he had "plus prié que travaillé." It was immediately after the production of this Mass, in 1856, while he was staying with the Franciscans in Buda Pest, that he became a member of their third Order. And now upon his heart, hitherto so confident in its own fate, there began to fall one by one certain heavy unmanageable shadows. There was loss, there was pain, there was disappointment—doubtless the eternal gates opened a little in mercy. His young son Daniel was dying of consumption, and Liszt, hastily summoned to Berlin, passed hours on his knees beside the sick bed. "I am going to prepare your places," the half-delirious boy whispered to his father and sister and presently died. Liszt wept, even terribly. "Let us die to ourselves," he prayed, "and live henceforth in our Lord. Let us put aside our foolish passions and vain attachments . . ."

He returned to Altenburg, and Carolyne left it to plead the cause of their marriage in Rome. Solitary at Altenburg, he brooded. His friendships, even that great one with Wagner, appeared to wane; he had already resigned his place at Court; the sombre leaves of life seemed to be falling round him in a misty cold. "I am mortally sad," he wrote; "only prayer can help me for a little, but alas! I cannot pray very continuously, however much I feel to need it. May God by His grace help me through this moral crisis and may the light of His mercies shine in my darkness!" He made his will, full of the most Catholic sentiments, mentioning tenderly his mother, Wagner, his early love Caroline de Saint-Cric, and then that later Carolyne who had borne all his burdens and made of them "sa richesse et son seul luxe." Months passed, a year had gone. At last came the news that his marriage could take place. He dismantled Altenburg, in tears; he prepared himself for his marriage; arrived in Rome, he knelt with Carolyne to receive Communion. Straight, then, upon both their hearts the blow fell.

"Mon long exil va finir. Dans cinq jours je retrouverai, en vous, patrie, foyer et autel." Liszt wrote thus to Carolyne in October, 1861, on his road to Rome for their wedding. He was to find none of these things in her; his lonely lodgings in Via Felice were, doubtless, haunted. Wearying alike of his fate and of his too-assiduous friends, there fell upon him a sharp new sorrow: his daughter, the fair-haired Blandine, died at Saint Tropez, and Liszt, now desperate, retired to Monte Mario and the little monastery of the Madonna del Rosario. Here prayer and the music of his oratorio *Sainte Elizabeth* occupied his days; for three years he lived almost alone, visiting occasionally Mgr. Hohenlohe at Villa d'Este, and enjoying sometimes the society of the genial Roman prelates. Pius IX paid him at least one visit. He wrote to Carolyne, perhaps daily.*

Slowly, there had taken shape in his mind a desire, a project—to consecrate himself to God, to take Minor Orders; he opened his mind to Mgr. Hohenlohe and found encouragement. When the affair was settled, Liszt went to make a retreat with the Lazarist Fathers; at the end of it he received Minor Orders in one of the Vatican Chapels, and Pius IX received him the same day with infinite kindness.† He was given an apartment in the Vatican itself, next to that of Cardinal Hohenlohe, and his aged mother in France, justified of her son, wept tears of joy. "Le bréviaire," said the new cleric characteristically, "est aussi la plus grande musique." But he wrote also to Prince

* From the date of his taking Minor Orders to his death, Liszt wrote some 700 letters to Carolyne.

† I should like to quote here a note to the article "Liszt," in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*: "It is understood that, in point of fact, the Princess Wittgenstein was determined to marry Liszt; and as neither he nor her family wished their connection to take that form Cardinal Hohenlohe quietly ordained him.—Ed. E. B."†

We have the following interesting account of the breaking-off of the marriage: "Late that evening Liszt was reminded of his life-long shortcomings; the Princess, for all her associations with Cardinals and Prelates, was told that *re-marriage after divorce* could not be tolerated, and the altars of San Carlo were despoiled of their festive garb." This singular piece of conscientiousness is kindly attributed to Pius IX himself: "... while the Cardinalate with eyes shut might make an exception in the case of a lady who was an ardent proselytiser, the Holy See was inflexible, and down came the white oft-kissed slipper of Pio Nono."—Wallace, *Liszt, Wagner, and the Princess*, pp. 108-10.

Constantin Hohenzollern-Hechingen: "Convaincu que cet acte m'affirmissait dans la bonne voie, je l'ai accompli sans effort en toute simplicité et droiture d'intention . . . si l'habit ne fait pas le moine, il ne l'empêche pas non plus et dans certains cas quand le moine est tout fait au dedans, pourquoi ne pas y approprier à l'extérieure l'habit?"

"Le grand Liszt," changed, but still very recognizable in the soutane which he now wore, gave himself to the writing of sacred music and to the reform of music much less than sacred.* His *Sainte Elizabeth*, like a Mantegna painting, harsh perfect naïf lovely, belongs to this period, so does the other oratorio *Christus*, the *Santa Cecilia*, the *Cantique du Soleil*. Sincerely and faithfully, Liszt now said the Divine Office, heard Mass, prayed.

But the great master, the great genius with hair already white but with eyes still of fire (stooping a little in the long soutane) was drawn back gradually into that world of brilliant art which so greatly desired him. It all began again—Paris, Weimar, Pesth, festivals of music, concerts, pupils, ovations, flatterers; and Liszt, at sixty, was still the magician, the storm-centre.† His virtuosity even had gained something denied to it before. A very keen critic wrote: "Il a trouvé son expression suprême et accompli dans la musique d'Eglise ou il ne sera jamais surpassé dont il épuise, sans jamais s'épuiser lui-même, toutes les richesses de forme et de métaphysique." If the roses piled about the way of this "moine tout fait au dedans" were charged at times with a none too subtle poison, the fact is lamentable rather than astonishing. Liszt wrote at this time quite sincerely, I think, of sentiments "qu'il faut chérir, combattre et taire," but he said more sincerely still, I believe, that he had never truly loved anything but "le ciel et les climats de la sainteté." One heavy and in every sense humiliating sacrifice he made to the cause of righteousness.

* He wrote: "Entendez-vous ce beuglement stupide que retentit sous la voûte des cathédrales? qu'est-ce que cela? C'est le chant de louange et de bénédiction que l'épouse mystique adresse à Jésus Christ, c'est la psalmodie barbare, pesante, ignoble des chantres de paroisse."—*Pages Romantiques*, p. 6.

† My friend the Chevalier de Gutmansthal tells me that, even after this time, he remembers Liszt at houses in Buda-Pesth playing after supper to his hosts and their guests, and how the beautiful women present used to kiss the hands and even the garments of the old white-haired "Abbé."

When Cosima, his best loved daughter, "admirablement ma fille," left her husband for Richard Wagner, he broke absolutely with them both. In later years, after Cosima's marriage to Wagner, something, but only something, of the old tenderness was resumed.

In his later years, Rome became more and more his refuge and his home. Tivoli and the cypresses of Villa d'Este knew him—an old picturesque dreamer and scholar. He read Ruysbroek, he wrote music, always he prayed. In 1879, he was made honorary Canon of Albano. He had written before this: "Il y à douze ans je suis entré comme acolyte de Mgr. Hohenlohe au Vatican. Les sentiments qui m'y conduisaient n'ont pas cessé, ils datent de mes années d'enfance et de ma première Communion dans une Église de petit village. J'ose dire que rien de factice ni de vain ne les a jamais altéré et j'espère que la grace de Dieu me les conservera jusqu'à ma dernière heure."

He grew old, the old eagle began, as he himself saw, to have the aspect of a vulture; his flawless health began to fail, he became increasingly somnolent. Only at the piano, something of indescribable magic returned, but he found strength always to take him to his daily Mass. When he heard of the beloved Wagner's death, he was barely moved. "He to-day, I to-morrow," he said, and turned back to his writing-table. His long journeys fatigued him extremely, yet he still travelled; he even visited again London and Paris. But he arrived in Bayreuth chilled and shaking with fever, and, despite all counsel, insisted on going to the theatre to hear *Tristan*. He came back with congested lungs. On the morning of July 31, 1886, he died.

* * * * *

How, after all, are we to sum up, to estimate, to judge a life such as this? Its absorbing interest lies precisely where we are least able to uncover it, at that fine point where Divine things touch the soul or, more accurately, this soul in precisely this body, "so much of earth, so much of heaven." No one, I hope, will be disposed to underestimate either the one or the other element.

But it does seem that the strongest thing in this

particular soul was the sense of a vocation. Whether Adam Liszt and the Abbé Bardin were right or wrong in refusing to an ardent and unspoilt boy even so much as a chance of the priesthood on which his heart was set, who shall even begin to say? Their fears are, at all events, intelligible. "The Society of Jesus," said drily an old Jesuit, "does not take men with a talent for music."

This man with a "talent for music," therefore, gave himself to music and to what he regarded as the vocation, the quasi-sacerdotium of art; he was, as I see it, entirely faithful. From youth to extreme old age, his very noble passion for his calling does not seem to have altered and he was ready for the most searching sacrifice in its cause. Beset, flattered, lifted on waves of idolatry almost to the stars of the visible world, he could set it all aside, with scarcely so much as a hesitation, in order to produce Wagner, to foster the glory of Beethoven. The *virtuoso* denied himself in order to compose, the composer in order to make known to the world creations he held to be greater than his own. "Plus que noblesse sans doute génie oblige." Deliberately and consistently, he chose the greater good in these hard matters. In the end, when fifty-five years of life had passed, he held out his hands for as much of the priesthood as was obtainable: the Mass, the Sacraments, Meditation, the Breviary became for him the main elements of existence.

Are we to hold that each soul is set in the key of some special nobility and that upon its faithfulness in this, humanly speaking, all depends; so that however devastating its failures in other matters, it is not really disintegrated, not down and out nor "maimed for virtue," as long as the main chord rings true? And does the concentrated and central action needed to keep intact this essential thing wear into the character channels permanent and profound in which—if so be only at last—uncovenanted grace may flow? And even should further failures after the fashion of the old failures come to pass, are not the soul-hewn channels ever ready for further grace? Each man is unique, individual, alone. One thinks of a Newman with his exquisite sense of the duty to follow after intellectual

light; of his justifying plea: "I have not sinned against light"; and of his long-delayed conversion to such perfect light as earth knows. Upon another man, it may be, is imposed another essential heroism.

Carolyné once wrote very sadly and, it may well be, very justly: "Je suis souvent bien triste en songeant comme vous resterez incompris. Peut-être dans l'avenir vos triomphes sembleront-ils avoir été des bacchanals parceque quelques bacchantes s'y sont mêlées. Pourtant vous ne les avez jamais appelé, je le sais. Tant qu'on ne vous a pas fait sortir de votre sphère idéale vous vous y êtes trouvé heureux." Liszt, in a moment of depression, wrote: "Je n'ai su que mal aimer," and yet the things which he loved "truly" were—as he also said—the finest and most holy of all.

M. G. CHADWICK.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

NOT even the fact that Mr. Leonard Binns' **Erasmus the Reformer** (Methuen) is a second edition can shake our conviction that these studies form an unnecessary book. Of Erasmus and his work we are told very little that is definite. The lectures are in the main the author's appreciation of Erasmus and an attempt to apply his spirit and methods to the religious problems of the present day. We can follow Dr. Binns in his sympathy for Erasmus and his belief that the victory of his spirit and temper would have prevented the tragedy of the Reformation. Indeed, we are glad to read his frank criticism of the Reformers and of Luther in particular. But his view of mediæval Catholicism is still obscured by hoary prejudices, which make us distrust his judgements of men and things. He can still write that at Rome "dispensations . . . for almost any conceivable crime could be bought at a fixed price" (p. 18). What proof does he produce for so wild a statement? Literally none. He treats it as a universally recognized fact. While admitting that the rule of the Augustinian Order (a loose term—he means the Hermits) prescribed diligent study of the Bible, he implies that this was the exception. Pilgrimages and the veneration of relics are condemned off-hand as necessarily superstitious. Would Dr. Binns object to the visits made to the homes or graves of celebrated men? Or to the careful preservation of Shakespearean "relics"? And although Luther is not presented as the saint which Protestant tradition has depicted him, he is credited with "absolute sincerity and a real desire for the truth." What of the lies, wilful we can hardly doubt, which he told about his early life in the Church? The great theologian Cajetan, in fact, independent and bold to the point of singularity, is dismissed with contempt as "a narrowminded official whose one cry was submission to lawful authority." So ignorant a judgement is sufficient to disqualify a would-be historian of sixteenth-century religion. Nor did Rome permit bigamy to Henry, no doubt Henry IV, of Castile (p. 52). Henry's first

marriage had been annulled before his second marriage to Joan of Portugal. Possibly the decree of nullity was obtained by misrepresentation. It was certainly no licence for bigamy. To quote with approval Pope's condemnation of mediæval ignorance (p. 17) is ridiculous. It is mere Aufklärung prejudice. And we are sorry to find that the hackneyed taunt, so thoroughly exploded by hagiologists such as Père Delehaye, that the cult of the saints was a pagan survival still does duty on p. 68. The attack on scholasticism—the most ignorant and unfair element in the humanist polemics—will irritate by its crass ignorance any reader who has the least acquaintance with Thomism. The condescending attitude of Erasmus' remark, quoted with approval by the author, "I do not hold that even the works of Thomas or Scotus should be entirely set aside," sounds to-day like a bad joke.

Erasmus' New Testament receives undue praise. It was based on very inferior MSS., and of the first edition Erasmus himself wrote: "It was rushed out rather than published." The Italian Renaissance is treated as if wholly pagan and irreligious. Another venerable misrepresentation. And whereas the "Papacy" is stigmatized as "incurably dishonest," the Anglican Church is treated as a non-Protestant body continuous with the pre-Reformation Church, and the English reformation in contra-distinction with the continental as one of which Erasmus would have approved. Finally, Erasmus' unfair and exaggerated invective against the monks is treated as the strict and complete truth. Even his somewhat hypocritical demand that they should live in "fastings and tears"—how much of these was to be found in his own life?—excites no misgivings. All this is anything but history. Dr. Binns means very well. But mist and muddle are of no use either to the historian or the student of religion.

Those abnormal phenomena which Fr. Thurston has aptly termed the physical phenomena of mysticism seldom receive the scientific study they deserve. The sceptic dismisses them without examining the evidence as products of trickery and credulity; the believer receives them without criticism as the miraculous operation of God.

M. Leroy's **A Study of Levitation** (Burns Oates and Washbourne) investigates and attempts to appraise the evidence for one of these phenomena, and is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of an ill-explored domain. We do not see how on the evidence here set out it is possible to deny the fact of levitation, that in certain, no doubt very rare, cases Catholic ecstasies, also, it would seem, the celebrated medium Home, have been raised from the ground without physical agency or support. Nevertheless, we cannot accept the author's conclusion that the levitation of Catholic ecstasies is directly miraculous—"a divine marvel." No doubt, as he urges, a certain spiritual condition is the necessary concomitant of levitation. But this fact points rather to a non-miraculous explanation of the phenomenon. It seems to us to show that the natural relation between body and soul is such that, given a sufficiently powerful spiritual force at work on the soul—in the case of the mystic, Divine Love—the body—given also certain psycho-physical conditions, not at present understood—is naturally lifted from the ground. Those who, like M. Leroy, hold that the levitation is itself miraculous fail to explain what spiritual value it possesses. Certainly not that of an index of sanctity—otherwise St. Joseph of Cupertino must be declared a greater saint than any of the Apostles. Moreover, M. Leroy under-estimates the natural power of mind over body. Though we cannot accept the late M. Coué's belief in the omnipotence of suggestion, the assertion (p. 237) that "it is not proved that suggestion is possible on a normal person, under waking conditions, without a previous training" is surely in the teeth of cogent evidence to the contrary. M. Leroy's conclusions are not, however, important. The value of his work lies in the evidence, abundant and on the whole well sifted, which enables the reader to reach his own conclusion. We have remarked here and there inaccuracy or loose statement. On p. 56 we are told that "eyewitnesses" testified to the levitation of St. Antoninus of Florence. The Latin footnote, however, shows that the evidence was secondhand: "his father," "a servant of the saint," told the witness. Nor is the evidence strengthened

by the alleged case of a living Breton ecstatic, which the author admits he has been unable after careful examination to verify (p. 135). On p. 60 we are told that the cult of Colomba of Rieti was forbidden by Urban VIII. Actually Pope Urban confirmed her cultus and she enjoys the honours of a Beata. Her feast is kept in the Dominican Order on May 20. The statement (p. 186) that there are more men than women ecstatics seems to us very dubious, and though at the present day nuns enormously outnumber male religious, this has not been true "at all times" (p. 186). In mediæval England and, we believe, generally in the mediæval Church nuns were comparatively few, monks and friars far more numerous. A more serious mistake is the author's gross misuse of the term "mysticism." The "very essence of mysticism" is declared to consist in "intercourse with spirits"—and therefore spiritistic mediums are "a category of mystics" (208, 214). From a student of Catholic mysticism such a statement is amazing. The "essence of mysticism" is of course communion, not with created spirits however exalted, but with the Absolute Godhead. No less strange is the statement (241) that to admit the interference of disembodied spirits in human affairs is contrary to "theology." Does Catholic theology deny all interference by the saints in the affairs of men? No doubt the author is thinking of spiritistic manifestations. But he should be more careful in expressing himself. We presume the volume is a translation from the French. Certainly the English leaves very much to be desired. A few examples must suffice: "Practically the hagiographic part of the question . . . has been manifestly neglected by De Rochas" (vii). "Fact" is used for "unsupported affirmation" (p. 40), Corpus Christi is called "the feast of the *Holy Sacrament*" (61). Transport is given the sense transportation; an exegete is called an exegetist. "Tautological" even does duty as a synonym for "illogical" (151). "The dispensation of evidence" (33) means presumably weighing the evidence. "Supranatural"—an unnecessary variant of supernatural—is used indiscriminately for supernatural and præternatural. And "indeed" and

"practically" are misused at every turn. Moreover, sheer carelessness has led to the printing of "fortunately," where the sense requires "unfortunately" (p. 129), also of the following nonsense: "his patient arose above her be under his passes" (29). Slipshod writing and worse inaccuracies of expression and even of thought detract greatly from an otherwise valuable book.

The Abbot of Downside collects in his **Studies in the Early Papacy** (Sheed and Ward) a series of papers dealing with the position of the Holy See in the primitive Church. They amount, we are convinced, to an irrefutable proof that the papal prerogatives as the Church maintains them today were substantially recognized during those primitive Christian centuries covered by the present volume. There is a chapter on the growth of the Patriarchates—the conclusions of which we should imagine are not likely to be disputed. There follows a more controversial but cogent discussion of St. Cyprian's view of Church authority. The reader can scarcely doubt that his opposition to Pope Stephen on the question of heretical baptism was nothing more than an inconsistency of conduct at variance with his own more considered teaching. There are essays on St. Athanasius and Pope Julius I, St. Chrysostom and St. Peter, St. Jerome and Rome. The Condemnation of Pelagianism, and the too famous case of Apollinarius, that cornerstone of Anglican apologetics, are here shown to have involved nothing more than the disciplinary question as to the advisability of allowing appeals to Rome on purely personal matters. Finally, there is a paper on the Age of Justinian, treating chiefly of the formula of Hormisdas and the condemnation of the Three Chapters. All these are so many hammer strokes nailing into the mind of any unprejudiced reader the conviction that the papal supremacy was always the doctrine and, at least in the last resort, the practice of the Primitive Church. The book demands careful study. It is compact in argument, austere, with little ornament, and addressing its entire appeal to the intelligence. But as it is still widely believed that Rome wins her converts solely through the emotions excited by beautiful ritual—this is

hardly a defect. Perhaps the most important paper is that which deals with St. Cyprian. His alleged "Anglicanism" turns out to be nothing more than a determination to be master in his own diocese, which led him into glaring contradiction with his own theory and practice as expressed elsewhere. Nor in view of the difficulty about St. Meletius—on which Abbot Chapman touches in the chapter devoted to St. Jerome—can it be too clearly emphasized that whereas today there is no mean between excommunication from the Church and full communion with the Pope, it then occasionally happened that as a mark of censure the Pope refused his personal communion to a Bishop without *intending* to cut him off from the Church. By espousing the claim of Paulinus to the episcopate of Antioch Rome did not regard his equally Orthodox rival—supported as he was by some of the greatest lights of the Eastern Church—as a schismatic severed from the Catholic body. Such a situation no doubt marks an undeveloped stage in the practical operation of papal government—as also the doubts and hesitations exemplified in the case of Apiarius as to the papal power to receive appeals in matters of local discipline. But the principle of papal supremacy is not involved. On p. 115, l. 28, "lawful" is surely a mistake for the "orthodox" which the context requires. And when Abbot Chapman remarks (p. 133) that "St. Augustine is quoted as a Protestant in the Thirty-Nine Articles," a reader with no knowledge of that document might imagine from the context that he is quoted as an opponent of the papal claims, whereas he is actually quoted as teaching a "receptionist" view of the Eucharistic Presence.

The massive proof of the recognition of papal supremacy by the Primitive Church built up by Abbot Chapman is further enforced by Dr. Scott in his **Eastern Churches and the Papacy** (Sheed and Ward), the dissertation by which he gained his Oxford Doctorate, on the relations between the Eastern Churches and the Papacy. It is still believed by some non-Catholics that from the beginning the Eastern Churches have never—except perhaps by way of interested and insincere adulation

—admitted the divinely ordained supremacy of the Pope as St. Peter's successor. Such a belief can hardly survive an unprejudiced study of Dr. Scott's book. He proves to the hilt that however often the ambition of patriarchs and the policy of Emperors may have forced "a too servile episcopate into schism, the Eastern Churches have again and again admitted in their most solemn and official utterances the claims of the Papacy to a degree which even the Vatican council scarcely exceeds." Indeed, though the entire book deserves most careful study, its thesis is sufficiently established by the chapters which tell the story of the Councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon, together with the account in the following chapter of the unqualified submission to the Papacy which ended the first great schism, the signature of the formula imposed by Pope Hormisdas.

On a few details we must differ from the author. It seems misleading to term Soloviev Orthodox (10). He was formally received into the communion of Rome. Perhaps Dr. Scott is unaware of this. We cannot see any inconsistency (18-19) between Lightfoot's opinion that the Epistle of Clement emanated from the Church of Rome rather than from the Pope as an individual, and was inspired only by confidence in the righteousness of the cause and his judgement that it was a "first step towards papal dominion." Anything which added to the prestige and influence of the Church of Rome would surely have been a step in that direction. We certainly think that Lightfoot minimized the significance of the letter, but he is not therefore inconsistent. Though it cannot be proved that St. Peter was ever in Corinth, the existence of a special faction claiming his name points in that direction, and it would have been an obvious halt on a route to Rome which he is quite likely to have taken. It is therefore excessive to maintain that "the tradition that Peter worked in Corinth has little support" (31). Again he tells us that "there is no proof that Pope Victor actually did excommunicate the Asiatic Churches" (45). Surely Eusebius' words, which Dr. Scott has just quoted, "he wrote letters and declared all the brethren there wholly excommunicate," are decisive. Nor, surely,

did the Quartodecimans keep Easter "on the date of Christ's death" (44). And the *validity* of baptism conferred by heretics is plainly a question of faith, not merely, as Dr. Scott asserts, of discipline (51). Nor do we think that Polychronius can have believed that Jesus Christ was born in the city of Jerusalem, as Dr. Scott understands him to say (79). He evidently means within the district covered by the diocese of Jerusalem, whose claims he is urging. It seems hardly credible that in the year 431 there was no one in Rome who could understand Greek. It is perhaps more likely, though still, we admit, very improbable, that Pope Celestine finding Nestorius' language ambiguous wished to await Cyril's explanations, and that his alleged inability to read Nestorius' letter is merely a polite excuse for delay. He could not read the letter because he could not be sure of the meaning which the writer attached to his terminology. We should like further light on this question. The incidental remark on p. 180 "now that the influence of (Theodosius') sister Pulcheria is removed" is misleading since it suggests that she had died—and is actually left unexplained. The language of the papal legates at Chalcedon quoted on p. 197 proves that their opposition to the Twenty-Eighth Canon was not, as the author argues (p. 199) "simply" because "it threatened the honour . . . belonging to Alexandria and Antioch." It was recognized as derogatory to the rights of the Pope, as the legates express it "an injury done to his see." On p. 257 (last line) the Emperor *Marcian* is a misprint for the Emperor Maurice.

But such trifling oversights or exaggerations detract nothing from the edifice of solid learning which Dr. Scott has constructed. From an old review in the *Church Times* he has extracted the following pronouncement: "It is not possible for us to linger delightedly—as we would wish to linger—on such ineptitudes as the amazing attempt to prove that the Eastern Church which regards the papal claims of today as the foundation of heresy and the mother of schism once accepted them." If the writer of these lines is still alive and has occasion to review Dr. Scott's

book, we wonder if he will "still linger" so "delightedly" over his development of the same thesis.

Our thoughts on closing Dr. Scott's volume "lingered delightedly" on the noble figure of Pope Nicholas I. and in particular on the letter—would it could have been given in full—with which he answered the vulgar insolence of Photius' ally, the "Drunkard" Emperor Michael. It was a situation calculated to strike terror into the boldest pontiff. Latin Europe in large measure a prey to Moslem Saracens and heathen Norsemen. Elsewhere feudal anarchy too often accompanied by a brutal Erastianism which made the local representative of the Church the puppet of whatever ignorant savage happened to be supreme in his district. The one hope of an organized Christian civilization, the Carolingian Empire, was falling to pieces in the hands of Charlemagne's incompetent descendants. King Lothair, assisted by a subservient clergy, had just divorced his wife Thietberga and taken another. Surely the Pope would at least connive rather than quarrel with the Emperor's brother. Nicholas never falters—he quashes the decision of the local clergy, even of his own legates, and defies Lothair. The Emperor Louis espouses his brother's cause, even to the point of occupation of the Leonine city. And now Photius' ambition—he had usurped the patriarchate from its lawful occupant Ignatius—had plunged the Eastern Church into schism. It might well seem that either Nicholas must yield to Lothair or Photius or to both, or the Papacy as the supreme authority in Christendom was doomed. It is at this juncture that Nicholas writes as follows to the Emperor: "The privileges of this see . . . are perpetual. They have been planted and rooted by God Himself. People can strike against them but cannot change them; they may attack them but not destroy them. They existed before your accession to the empire; they remain, thanks to God, intact; they will remain after you, and, as long as the Name of Christ shall be preached, they will not cease to exist immutable." Is this the boast of a fanatic blind to the brutal realities of the situation? So these words might well have seemed. The holy Roman Empire, weak certainly, but

the one hope of Christian civilization in the West, in the East the semi-divine Emperor of Byzantium, both defied with such sublime confidence; all around anarchy, heathenism, Islam! Today—the Holy Roman Empire and the Byzantine Empire, ghosts of the past, forgotten except by students of history—and the Pope? History has answered.

In spite of its subject, Fr. O'Brien's **Dawn of Catholicism in Australia** (Angus and Robertson, Sydney) is on the whole dull reading. It is certainly not for lack of adequate research. Sources have been consulted and weighed, and as an authority Fr. O'Brien's history will not be quickly superseded. The fault lies partly with the awkward English in which the book is written, but Fr. O'Brien's failure is radically due to a lack of that narrative and dramatic power which alone can give life to the dry bones of historical fact. Opening the book at random we lit on the following passage, typical of the author's style: "Convictism [*sic*] . . . is yet an inadequately explored field of Australian history. The historian of the subject must be one not easily disgusted by sordidness, nor easily depressed by proofs of shocking indifference in the attitude of government towards the unfortunate prison population; *his pen must be that of a Zola, and his volumes as numerous as those of an encyclopædia.* This chapter . . . has merely made the reader halt on the roadway of Australia's story at certain finger-posts pointing *out the tortuous laneways* [*sic*] long since overgrown, on which convicts laboured and tramped with heavy manacled feet." Second-rate journalese—vague generalities—laboured attempts at the picturesque. One wonders whether the author has read Zola or is merely using his name as a cliché for realist. "Volumes as numerous as an encyclopædia." Bishop Ullathorne did not require an encyclopædia to paint a picture of the convict settlement—which lives in the memory and haunts the imagination with its horror—a picture which perhaps we would gladly forget, but cannot. The comparison may be deemed unfair—Bishop Ullathorne was an eye-witness. But imagination also has eyes.

To criticize Fr. O'Brien's account of Australian affairs

would demand an expert. We must, however, dissent from some of his judgements on the situation in England. It is implied on p. 4 (vol. i) that English Catholics possessed no liberty of conscience until the Emancipation Act of 1829, and elsewhere (i, 137) the author tells us that only in 1829 did they secure any real measure of freedom. True, they did not possess full civic rights, and were therefore penalized for their religion. But early measures of emancipation had given them freedom to practise their religion without danger of personal penalties, and that, we presume, if inadequate to the demands of justice, is sufficient for liberty of conscience. Certainly English Catholics of the sixteenth, seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries would have regarded it as a very "real measure of freedom." To speak of "Canning, Huskisson and Peel as about to dictate *democratic* terms to the regenerated Liverpool ministry" is to stretch the term democratic beyond its utmost elasticity. Canning was even opposed to any measure of Parliamentary reform, and the reform which was carried through after his death was anything but democratic. The attempt (ii, 162) to clear the Irish bishops of responsibility for the neglect of their Catholic compatriots in New South Wales is hardly convincing. The term "modernist" is much abused—with many writers it is a vague term of abuse—a stick to beat any back. But when Fr. O'Brien writes that "the aspirations of youth—he is not speaking specifically of religion—are condemned as modernistic pretensions," his use of the term is little better than the treatment of another equally abused term by the advertisers of a "mystic" face cream. In several passages his language would seem to imply that for lack of a priest the Catholics of New South Wales were deprived of the sacrament of matrimony—were, in fact, living in concubinage. It is, of course, possible, though not perhaps very likely, that they were not sufficiently instructed to know that the presence of a priest is only required for the conclusion of matrimony when he is available, and therefore omitted the formal consents necessary for a valid marriage. If so, this should be made clear. An unwary reader would gather from the author's

language that matrimony was actually impossible. But these mistakes of judgement or statement are, we think, few. In its matter the book is substantially reliable and valuable ; indeed, we should judge indispensable to the student of Australian history. And we must congratulate Fr. O'Brien on the fairness with which he recognizes the abilities, the noble aims and important achievements of the anti-Catholic Governor Macquarie. But his unfortunate manner deprives Fr. O'Brien's story of all the charm and much of the interest it would otherwise have possessed. This is a book that will be read, but not with pleasure.

Of very different quality is Fr. Cuthbert's **The Capuchins** (Sheed and Ward). Fr. Cuthbert is not only a careful and learned historian, he is also an artist. Whatever he touches, lives. The important part played by the Jesuits in the history of the counter-reformation and in the Catholic civilization of Latin Europe which was its result is universally realized, the rôle of the Capuchins is not sufficiently appreciated. Fr. Cuthbert's monograph brings home to his readers how far-reaching and how important it was. Incidentally, he establishes his thesis that the counter-reformation was not, as is usually believed, wholly a movement of reaction against the Protestant Reformation but, to use his words, "an internal reform of the Catholic Church begun independently of the menace of Protestantism." His further contention that it "would have developed and transformed the Catholic peoples even though Luther and Calvin had upheld the Papacy and Catholic Tradition instead of raising a revolution against both," is, however, more dubious and contestable. It is at least doubtful whether, without the stress of opposition, a positive religious revival could have overcome the vested interests which in every age present such a powerful obstacle to the reform of deeply rooted abuses.

For poetry the story of the Capuchins yields little to that of the early Franciscans. It begins with one of the knights errant of sanctity, Fra Matteo, who never intended to found an Order and in the end left the Order he had founded, so to speak, by accident. And the foundation was only carried through by the courage and tact of a

woman who deserves to be called the mother of the reform, Michael Angelo's friend Vittoria Colonna. Even so, the Order was nearly wrecked by the defection of the brilliant but unstable Fra Ochino. These figures live in Fr. Cuthbert's pages.

There follows a series of sketches of notable Capuchins—not easy, perhaps, to remember in detail—but which blend in memory to a harmony expressive of the spirit which inspired the new reform, the ideal of St. Francis and his companions relived in the surroundings of the Renaissance. We are shown the Friars preaching missions, organizing the devotion of the 'Quarant' Ore, catechising children, and in charge of plague hospitals and quarantine camps. We see them spreading throughout Catholic Europe and beyond its bounds working as missionaries among Protestants—who in spite of themselves felt the charm of their holiness—and among the heathen. Incidentally there is a subtle and scrupulously fair study of the ambiguous friar politician Père Joseph du Tremblay.

We were delighted to find in the chapter devoted to the literary work of the Capuchins a glowing, but by no means excessive, panegyric of the great Christian Platonist Père Yves de Paris. Incredibly buried in oblivion, he was discovered by Abbé Bremond, who devotes to him two chapters in the first volume of his *Histoire Littéraire du Sentiment Religieux*. Fr. Cuthbert discovered him independently—and their judgements agree. In his appendix Fr. Cuthbert gives us several charming passages by Père Yves. We are left wanting more. Why are his works still buried in the shelves of inaccessible libraries? A selection has been made from the writings of our Cambridge Platonists. Why is there no selection and translation of their great Catholic contemporary?

Bremond's volume is devoted to L'Humanisme devot, or, as we may call it, Christian Humanism, by which he means the acceptance and utilization by Christian piety of the humanism of the Renaissance. He regards the Capuchin Père Yves as the most typical and complete representative of the movement. Fr. Cuthbert's book shows that this was no mere chance, that Christian humanism was the

inspiration and ideal of the Capuchin reform—though to be sure it was not strictly a product of the Renaissance—the primitive Franciscans were inspired by a spirit, at least implicit, of Christian humanism. But because they were heirs and regenerators of the Franciscan spirit, the Capuchins were pre-eminently fitted to embody the more deliberate Christian humanism of the counter-reformation, and Christian humanism, “L’Humanisme devot,” is the principle which gives unity to the widely varied activities of the Capuchin friars chronicled in the present volumes.

If we are delighted with the extract from Père Yves, we are not so pleased with the extract from a sermon by Fra Girolamo da Narni. No doubt it is fine oratory, and typical, we readily believe, of Capuchin preaching. But the passage in which he promises that after the Resurrection “a sweet taste will permanently delight the palate” of the righteous, and a fragrant smell exude from their bodies, is to modern ears grotesque and must detract from the effect of an otherwise fine passage. In spite of his anti-Catholic bigotry, Oliver Cromwell possessed a genuine feeling for religious toleration which Fr. Cuthbert denies him (ii, 299). He seems even to have connived at the celebration of Mass in private. The French envoy wrote that “in spite of the severe laws” Catholics “received better treatment under the Protectorate than under any other government.” Nor do we believe he was a hypocrite when he said “I had rather that Mohammedanism were permitted amongst us than that one of God’s children should be persecuted.” But what are these trifles in a book so erudite, so just and so delightful as Fr. Cuthbert’s account of a very beautiful page of human history? (E. W.)

It is the fashion for the biographer nowadays to intrude himself more and more into the biography; the result is a shorter and more unified presentation, a work of art instead of a collation of facts. The danger of this method is to substitute, at best, historical fiction or drama, at worst, amateur psycho-analysis for history. When this danger is avoided, modern one-volume biography can be very good indeed. Mr. Macdonagh in his **Life of William O’Brien** (Benn) has, we believe, shown himself a master

in this department of letters. There is no need to have had any previous interest either in O'Brien or in the history of the Nationalist Movement in Ireland to be captured by Mr. Macdonagh's work.

To the younger generation of Englishmen, O'Brien's name is probably less familiar than the names of Butt, Parnell, Healy, or Redmond, yet, had he not made the "great refusal" of the leadership after the Parnell split, he would be acknowledged to have been the greatest of them all. If he never possessed anything of Parnell's commanding personality and authority, he was also incapable of his terrible mistakes. For all Mr. Macdonagh's arguing, the split was more than a "tragedy of errors." Healy's bitter dislike and suspicion of the leader was not unique. Parnell was too much of a mystery man to have continued to inspire confidence. In this connection, Mr. Macdonagh's statement on p. 126 about the private character of Parnell is surely uncritical; the story—here unmentioned—of the Cambridge rustication is at least highly probable.

O'Brien's greatest and most permanent work was the representative conference of Irishmen, including landlords, which made Wyndham's "Land Purchase Act" of 1903 possible. This Act, which ultimately abolished landlordism in Ireland, is classed with Catholic Emancipation and the settling of the Free State as one of "the only three Acts of first-class importance for their bearing on the fortunes of Ireland." O'Brien's part gives us the key not only to his own actions but to those of so many Irish leaders. "Friends, if you will; enemies, if you won't," he used to say. His alternate moods of rebellion and friendship are not an inaccurate barometer of England's disposition towards Ireland. But no one would have recognized more readily than O'Brien that the actions of those who, as he expressed it so wonderfully, had received the "Banshee's kiss," and so vowed themselves to the romantic cause of Ireland, cannot always be judged at the bar of prosy human reason. "The Banshee's kiss may be fatally seductive to as many more in the future as it had been in the past, to their undoing—to their early loss of everything that is

desirable and precious in life, ending in the prison and the grave, but its allurements remains irresistible all the same."

O'Brien lived to see seven years of the Free State, but the Banshee's kiss still cast its spell over him, for he was never reconciled to the division of his country. He failed to see that the present solution holds at least as much hope of the final union of Ireland as any other. Meanwhile, we may rejoice that one wish of his has been fulfilled: "Well, let us hope that Ireland may soon become a country for her youths to live and labour for, instead of one for which to weep and die."

Everyone is ready to welcome a new book which promises to throw light on the mysteries of what is happening behind the scenes in Russia. But the problem is to sift the authoritative book from mere propaganda either for or against the present régime. M. Joseph Douillet in **Moscou sans Voiles** (Spes, Paris), published by the anti-communist "Editions Spes," is bound to attract more attention than usual, both because of the vividness and frankness of the narrative and because of the exceptional opportunities M. Douillet has enjoyed of obtaining first-hand information. We are told that he speaks Russian better than French, that he lived twenty-six years in Tzarist Russia, and nine under the Soviet Régime, first as Belgian Consul, then as a member of the Nansen mission, and its official representative in the south-east of the U.S.S.R., and as a delegate of the European Student Relief. While he is, of course, unable to prove his statements, except in the rarest instances by reference to workers who have escaped from Russia and whose present address is given, it seems impossible not to believe a man in such a responsible position, when he speaks of what he has seen. It is true that the present generation, which has lived through war propaganda, has grown sceptical of the value of much human testimony, but as Catholics and Christians, who believe that the law of Christ is the only solid foundation for the morals of Society, we are prepared, *a priori*, to expect the worst of those who have not merely allowed that law to fade away, but have openly rejected it. For a race or an individual

never to have possessed Christianity is by no means the same as to have had the light and to have scorned it. At the same time we must in fairness weigh in the balance the large mass of evidence, which seems to show that there is a better side to Russia. The truth, no doubt, is that in so large a country, under the rule of a small minority with a police responsible to no one, the worst excesses, while not representative of the majority, will be tolerated.

The author writes convincingly of the means adopted by the authorities to hide from the foreign visitor, and especially from the British Trade Union delegation, all that lies behind the window dressing; and, certainly, the accounts of the average traveller—it is easily possible to obtain a visa in Berlin to enter Russia—give the impression that he only sees the surface, depressing as that may be. M. Douillet has evidently seen so much more than he ought to have done, that we wonder, either why he was ever allowed to leave Russia, or why many others have not had a similar tale to tell.

The most vivid chapter is, perhaps, the description of the horrors of prison life in the "oubliettes" of the "Geupeou" or Russian Secret Police, who are the real power in the country. He himself experienced seven months of such prison. The worst excesses of the French Revolution seem no worse than what appears to be taking place daily in our own time. Dirt, want of privacy, untended illness, torture, terrorism, mass condemnation, death, are the prison routine. But despite some very different accounts, such as Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett has recently given in the *Daily Telegraph*, something of all this has been known for a long time. More interesting is M. Douillet's view of the moral breakdown of Soviet Russia. "Le communisme en Russie a déterminé dans le pays un effondrement de la morale, une vague de dévergondage, d'anarchie et d'immoralité tels qu'ils n'ont jamais eu de précédent dans toute l'histoire de l'humanité." He describes how everything forbidden by the very first precepts of the law of God is indulged in: there does not seem to exist, in some parts, the lowest degree of respect for either person or property, though it is strange that

more travellers have not noticed what is so apparent, even in big towns like Rostov-on-the-Don.

There is not in this book much to add to the story which the illustrations of René Fulop-Miller's *Mind and Face of Bolshevism* told of anti-religious propaganda. But the devil only can be behind the Soviet system of education. Not only is it an education in Revolutionary Communism, but an education in every kind of immorality and godlessness. What is here depicted cannot be universal, but that it should exist at all, and be encouraged by the authorities, is terrible enough.

While we believe that the account must contain at least a certain amount of *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*, we have no reason to doubt the facts it describes, and it may be recommended to those who believe that Russia is by no means as bad as it is painted: the masses of the Russian people are not; but the minority, which rules them, has far to go before it can be accepted as, morally, anything but a reversion to barbarism. (M. B.)

When a writer apologizes in his preface for what he has written in his book it may generally be taken as a sign of impenitence. Mr. Thorp does not actually make the apology for his *naïveté* in his **Eric Gill** (Jonathan Cape) that might be due to Mr. Gill. But it is confessed. It is satisfactory for the public to have a label to attach to any man of prominence. Some years ago, perhaps, the idea of "honest workman" sufficed for Mr. Gill's attachment. One could call him a mason or stone-cutter and speak of his "workshop"—even now Mr. Marriott, who contributes a "critical monograph," prefers to write of him as a carver than as a sculptor. The survival of this attitude lends a good deal of irony to the title and contents of the book. It is not usual to write critical monographs on plumbers or other such workmen, not even masons. Yet it has come to this, and it would appear that a new label must be found. Luckily, Mr. Gill's writings have always provided a key if not for a judgement at least for what is called an "appreciation" of his work. It was he who raged at the deification of the artist so effectively that his trade, as he forced his admirers to call it, met

with such success that it became a profession and he an artist, a fit subject for the critical monograph.

Mr. Thorp seems to have had the chief hand in the present affair, and the greatest share of the blame and of the praise must fall to him. His contribution to the text of the book cannot be so conveniently described on a title-page as Mr. Marriott's. His collaborator has already done what was necessary to point out the nature of Mr. Gill's work, its position midway between the materialism of naturalistic representation and the idealism of too complete an abstraction. There can be no doubt that this distinction is as important as it is convenient; important because it refutes at once both the other sides (you have only to stand in the middle to call both your neighbours outsiders), and convenient because it leaves you a loophole of escape when confronted with such conflicting types of work as the "Eunuch" Crucifix (plate 1) and the pencil drawing of plate 36. This sane little essay was, it appears, thrown in as a sop to those superior persons (not that they would need to be very superior) who might be somewhat embarrassed by Mr. Thorp's writing. His work is not entirely critical, nor biographical, nor descriptive. It has more of the nature of an elongated "personal par" illustrated with sayings of the subject, these latter being prefaced or concluded by a few words in which their originality, force, or truth is duly pointed out. For this there is no doubt excuse if not reason. There are people who would really be dissatisfied even with such excellent reproductions of the artist's work if they were not accompanied by his portrait, both according to the photographer and according to himself, with a view of his studio "in which nothing was arranged (not even the poses, which were simply seized as they occurred with an almost passionate 'Hold that!').".

However, on the decency of such self-indulgence there is no need to enlarge. Moreover, Mr. Thorp has provided himself with a persuasive excuse. This consists in the thirty-eight collotype reproductions of Mr. Gill's work, his letter cutting, carvings, and a couple of pencil drawings. It is naturally the carvings that are the most important and

take up the greater part of the space. For one who is ignorant of the technical difficulties of such reproductions it is impossible to use the correct words of praise for them ; it can only be said that they do succeed in conveying the proper impression of the mass, the contours, and the texture of the carvings. They make it possible to judge the extremes of the artist's manner, in the earliest and the latest carvings, and his use of the various stones. Let their variety confound those who would see in their author either the "born Catholic" or the "jolly pagan." But finally let gratitude be expressed even to Mr. Thorp for the inclusion of the Capel-y-ffin girl. (R. H.)

Mr. Christopher Dawson, in his **Progress and Religion** (Sheed and Ward), has no new facts to lay before us, but presents an original and profound view of the meaning and value of facts already known. He takes his stand above the stream of human history and brings back his report of the direction in which it runs, the currents that flow deepest, and the topographical features that determine, deflect, retard, or accelerate its speed.

He remarks that throughout the last century, and even to a large extent to-day, it has been assumed that the stream of history must necessarily continue to flow rapidly in a direction not very definitely discerned, but certainly desirable. And since during the past century change has been extraordinarily, indeed uniquely, rapid in the external material conditions of society, and has been a progressive amelioration of those conditions, and moreover an amelioration due chiefly to applied science, it has been assumed that the further progress of science must necessarily lead to an indefinite increase in the happiness and value of human life.

Mr. Dawson does not deny that this "progress is a solid reality." But he proves that both its scope and conditions are too partial and too insecure to warrant the faith which inspired it—the belief in a necessary, continuous, and comprehensive progress of humanity as a whole and from every point of view. This belief he shows to be the secularized survival of a religious faith—the Christian belief in man's supernatural destiny, the belief that "the

Incarnation is the source of a new movement of regeneration and progress which leads ultimately to the deification of human nature by its participation in the Divine Life." No doubt, as he argues, the influence of Oriental pessimism and exaggerated world renunciation combined with the lack of a sufficient material basis of civilization, political instability, and lack of scientific knowledge, produced in the Christian culture of the Middle Ages a glaring divorce between the ideal and the actual, also defects of emphasis and balance which led to its disintegration and breakdown. In the sixteenth century Europe had lost a unitary culture inspired by a single world view, and has made shift ever since with a culture partially unified, and, moreover, in its more superficial aspects by a scientific tradition derived ultimately from Greece, inspired by that faith in progress which, as we have seen, is but the ghost of Christian faith. To-day men doubt the existence of the ghost, and either deny that the progress of society requires a spiritual principle, or grope for it in the most various directions.

The former view can issue only in a barren mechanism powerless to satisfy man's spiritual nature—the condition of society exposed in Mr. Rice's play, *The Adding Machine*. Moreover—and the proof is contained in Mr. Dawson's illuminating survey of human cultures from the Stone Age onwards—such a culture has *never* actually existed. The most primitive societies and the most fundamental inventions, e.g. agriculture, were inspired and made possible by a powerful religious belief. In fact, religion, which too many sociologists have regarded as an excrescence upon, if not a disease of, man's social body, is here shown to have been in fact its soul. Only by that soul was the body organized, and, if it survive it at all, it can only be for a time and in virtue of an external organization received from the living past, as a corpse for a time survives the departure of life.

But primitive religion was pre-eminently nature worship—agriculture itself the sacred service of the Mother Goddess of natural fecundity. Would not a religion of this type provide a better soul for a progressive civilization than a religion such as Christianity which looks away from

and beyond nature to a supernatural goal? Mr. Dawson answers the objection indirectly and directly. Indirectly when he shows in his historical survey that even the most primitive religion known to us is not purely natural in its scope. The religion of the primitive hunter, as it has survived in the hunting tribes of modern times, is not a worship of natural forms and forces *as such*, but as vehicles and sacraments of a spirit which transcends the media of its manifestation—an "ocean of supernatural energy." He further shows that when after the first millennium B.C. the archaic ritual cultures in which nature worship penetrated society most deeply and fashioned the social order most completely broke down before barbarian conquest, the ancient ritual was transformed as a result of religious and philosophic criticism into the expression of a transcendental ethico-spiritual belief—often, as *e.g.* in India, pushed to the denial of all value in nature and human life—a complete world renunciation. A deification of nature already judged and found wanting some three millennia before by the spirituality or philosophy of prophet and metaphysician cannot be resuscitated to-day. Further—and this is Mr. Dawson's direct argument against a revival of nature worship—man cannot worship a nature he has condemned and conquered. Western man has definitely judged nature in the light of his own spirit and found her wanting. He has also made her his slave. He cannot worship her now. He may indeed ascribe to natural forces and forms within their own lower order and limited scope, as media and manifestations of the supernatural spirit, a higher value than the Christian tradition has in its main current done—though such a valuation is implicit in Christian theology, and occasionally, *e.g.* with St. Francis of Assisi, achieved explicit recognition. And for the modern man this subordinate recognition of nature will be pre-eminently its scientific utilization for the service of man, a "progressive intellectualization of the material world by science" coordinated "with the progressive spiritualization of human nature by religion."

This rough account of Mr. Dawson's thesis necessarily neglects a host of subordinate arguments important and

illuminating. It must not be imagined that his pre-occupation with the religion-soul of cultures leads him to neglect the material factors which condition the social structure which it builds. On the contrary, he shows (Chapter III *passim*) how the occupations of men, as conditioned by their environment, are the material basis of distinctive cultures. As the individual never displays a purely spiritual activity, neither is any culture the pure product of a spiritual belief. The idea, moreover, must take flesh not *in vacuo*, but of the mother earth—the physical conditions in which a culture must exist. But neither is Christianity a purely spiritual religion. “*Verbum Dei*,” according to the doctrine of the Church, “*carnem non de nihilo, non aliunde, sed materna traxit ex carne.*”

Among other important discussions is an acute criticism of Spengler's attempt to force the history of cultures into the mould of an *a priori* theory which logically denies the common humanity underlying them all. For Herr Spengler is the artist—an artist no doubt of genius—who distorts the phenomena he professes to portray; Mr. Dawson the artist—this in every sphere the higher form of art—who, while he selects the phenomena he portrays, depicts them truthfully. The very compression of Mr. Dawson's treatment may perhaps render his work less attractive at first reading than the diffuseness of writers who amass piles of detail and employ all the resources of rhetoric to exhibit and defend a theory, often more seductive than solid. But the intelligent reader will return again and again to the more austere but more solid construction in which every line is of structural importance, and the ornament sparingly introduced serves, not to obscure, but to display the writer's argument. It is a book for readers prepared for the effort of thought which it demands and so richly repays. (E. W.)

Father Lewis Watt's **Capitalism and Morality** (Cassell) is a valuable little book.

There is no more urgent need to-day than to show the relation that ought to exist between economics and morality. Economic organization has been too long in something like what Hobbes, in a different connexion, called “a state

of Nature." Disorder, want of unity of purpose, the wrangling of selfish men, have not only led to much suffering and injustice, but to great waste and inefficiency; the survival of the "economically" fittest has often failed to make the fittest prosper, as the reaction in the direction of Socialism shows. But the application of moral principles to the field of economics is a problem of great difficulty.

In the first place, some natural harmony and stability is the condition of any moral life: in a state of nature, the honest man cannot survive. Luckily, taught by their own selfish mistakes, employers and workers have come to listen to the State and to social reformers; the latter's "trial and error," halting, pragmatic endeavours have done something to introduce that harmony which allows one to hope that the teaching of morality may not be entirely ineffective. This last year has been very free from industrial strife, and no better period could have been chosen for the publication of *Capitalism and Morality*. It needed a courageous and clear mind to attempt in 150 short pages the fairly detailed statement of what those responsible for economic activity are committed to, if they are to be, not only well-intentioned, but alive to the dictates of a reasoned morality. This impartial deliberate judgement of a moralist not merely on the broad aspects of economic activity, but even on such details as the responsibility of shareholders, rationalization, family wage, sympathetic strikes and lock-outs, is a welcome change from the vagueness, sentimentality or selfishness, often thinly disguised, of many modern works on these matters. The second difficulty in attempting to relate economics to morality is to obtain any agreement about the principles of morality: men most desirous of acting morally do, in fact, often differ as to what they ought to do. But at least it can be said that they are seeking an end which is not selfish, and that, as Fr. Watt points out, is an important advance on non-moral economics. "He who governs his conduct not by considerations of self-interest in the narrow sense, but by moral principles in so far as he can discern them, puts himself on to a ground

where men of opposing camps may meet frankly and without distrust. . . . What a change this would introduce into the relation of employers and employed will be obvious to those who are familiar with industrial negotiations and disputes at the present time."

It is not quite certain, however, that Fr. Watt has made the foundations of his morality clear enough to those to whom the book is primarily addressed—viz., business men or men in the street, who have not heard of Aristotle or St. Thomas. There is no more ambiguous word than "nature," and it cannot be made to bear the burden of the distaste for morality, unless it is carefully explained. The author himself uses it in two opposite senses, without protecting himself by distinctions: "Men should do those actions which reason shows to be in harmony with their nature" (p. 3), and, "But human nature being what it is, it would be strange if a monopolist did not charge prices, etc." (p. 71). Nor is it always easy to follow him in his treatment of the relation between the moral and the economic end. At the beginning of the book he admits "the existence of cause and effect in the economic order," though because it is "very easy to overlook some of the many conditions under which the cause operates, the modern economist is extremely cautious in his prophecies of effects"; admitting then the existence of economic laws, he asserts on p. 98, "The harmony which must necessarily exist between the physical order and the moral order, proceeding as they do from a common Author," implying that economic laws can never clash with moral laws; yet on p. 50 he writes that "the most efficient way is not always the best way," and he condemns in somewhat Stoical way Dr. Headlam's saying, "I believe that the great desire of the public generally is that the standard of living of all classes of the community should be raised as much as possible," as a false idea which runs through much of the propaganda in favour of artificial restriction of families, though immediately afterwards he attacks such restriction on economic and not moral grounds, and in doing so makes an unfair use of Professor Bowley's statistics. Professor Bowley showed that fewer young people are

entering industry, and the proportion of men and women over sixty-five years of age is increasing at a rapid rate. This is bad economically, but it is the effect not of the restrictionist's ideal, which is the most economically desirable population, but of the *declining* birth-rate, which at the moment is the inevitable means to his end, as we are, he holds, over-populated; when the right population is attained, it will remain steady and the bad effects will disappear. Surely the Catholic, who has sound theological reasons for not expecting this world to be in perfect harmony, can admit that a course can be sound from a purely economic point of view, and yet morally wrong, since man is more than an economic animal. It is difficult to say whether Fr. Watt, who speaks of the economic end as "promoting economic welfare," realizing the purpose of "economic activity," "ministering to the needs of mankind as a whole," obtaining "economic justice," would agree with this view.

The third and most serious difficulty is that, as the problems become more detailed and more practical, they become more insoluble; very often they present themselves as a conflict between right and right rather than as one between right and wrong. It is comparatively easy to say what a just wage is, but what is one to do when confronted with an employer who says, "You have shown me what the worth of my worker ought to be in a perfect world, now I will show from the evidence of my books what *de facto* his worth is in this imperfect world"? But the danger here lies, as Fr. Watt points out, not in pretending that solutions exist when they do not, but in taking the cynical view that there never is a solution, or even the outline of a solution. The teaching of the moralist as to the justification of strikes and lock-outs may be very general and hard to apply to the concrete problems, but one has but to contrast its precision and spirit with the atmosphere that generally accompanies strike negotiations to realize its value and urgent need. In these matters, Fr. Watt has brilliantly expounded for the average citizen the principles of *Rerum Novarum*, surely one of the very few writings on economics of the last century, which

remains as fresh and apposite to-day as it was when it was published. (M. B.)

The **Moi Juif** of M. René Schwob (Plon. Roseau d'Or) is one of the most significant and arresting of the many religious autobiographies given us recently by French converts. M. Schwob, an Israelite by birth, already distinguished in letters by his poetry and prose, has in the course of the last few years joined the Church. *Moi Juif* is the diary of the six months' retreat passed in the solitude of a lonely Basque village which confirmed him in his new and hardly won faith. This book contains pages of strange and piercing intimacy, of great lyrical beauty, of severely searching intellectual and psychical analysis that can scarcely be too highly praised. There are indeed a few passages of such frank and humble self-revelation as to strike a little oddly on English ears. The "Hound of Heaven" was truly relentless when he settled down steadily to the last lap in the hunting of René Schwob. Limitations of space do not permit me to say more to-day than these few words about this remarkable book, but I hope to return to it in a manner more adequate to its outstanding merit in the near future. (A. T.)

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